

The Nation

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Events of the Week.

THERE is nothing new in Ireland, except the speech of the Lord Chancellor, its admission of a state of war, a "small war," with the Irish people, and the War Secretary's ensuing statement that new battalions were being sent across the Irish Channel "as fast as possible," with the full might of England's power behind them. The "Express" declares that this speech was the direct result of the Prime Minister's defeat of the moderates in the Cabinet, and his desire for more coercion. We should have been glad to add that the King's speech in Belfast did, in fact, constitute a new event. That is now impossible. To ask King George to proclaim, or at least ingeminate, an Irish peace, on the day in which the Keeper of his Conscience proclaims an intensification of Anglo-Irish war, and his War Secretary describes the preparations for a round-up of Irish rebels, is an insult to the Monarchy, and a new offence to Catholic and Nationalist Ireland. If the King went to Ireland with his Ministers' advice, and in support of their policy, he had a right to ask them to assist a mission peculiarly liable to misunderstanding. The Prime Minister advised him to go (not proposing to go himself), but he has turned the King's words, in themselves graceful and well-intentioned, into a mockery, and his act into one of pure partisanship. The Monarchy was never worse treated.

THE Lord Chancellor has rejected the invitation of the Earl of Donoughmore to state the terms which the Government is willing to offer for the sake of Irish peace, terms to which the Prime Minister is as glib in general reference as he is slippery in evading the definition. In their place the Chancellor threatens more war and Crown Colony government. The Viceroy will be, in the South, in the position of a constitutional sovereign, assisted by Ministers who will be members of a Council to advise the Viceroy, and holding their office at the pleasure of the Crown. Against this system the skeleton of the Southern Senate has already revolted. The Government had succeeded in gathering twenty-four out of the sixty-four members of the Senate: two elected by the Protestant hierarchy, sixteen by the Irish Representative Peers, and eight by the Privy Council. Two of this number, after election, refused to act in any circumstances. Nineteen of the remainder, all peers or Privy

Councillors, have now signed a memorial that they "are not prepared to exercise functions in connection with any body nominated by the Lord Lieutenant to replace an elected Lower House."

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WHILE peers and Privy Councillors refuse to co-operate in the Government's new scheme, the Irish war grows in intensity. The operations of the Irish Republican Army are carried out over an increasing area, attacks on troop trains and railways are more numerous, and transit and transport is becoming impossible in country districts. The country roads are communication trenches controlled by the Republicans; the towns are held by the Crown forces, who cannot freely move between them. In West Cork, Kerry, and Donegal, where the roads are held by Republicans, the additional stoppage of rail and sea-coast traffic has made a blockade fairly complete. Ambushes are universal, and even in Dublin hardly a day passes without attacks upon the armored cars and lorries which dash through its streets, and the nights are wakeful, as in Easter week, with long spells of firing. It is a small war, as the Lord Chancellor says, but there is a true parallel between it and the war of the American Revolution. Then, as now, reprisals were taken. There, as in Ireland, the situation was complicated by the presence of "loyalists." We know how the "embattled farmers" treated these loyalists during the war and after. They burned part of the loyalist stronghold of New York, and later regretted their incompleted task. And Goldwin Smith describes the Crown activities in words curiously applicable to the Irish situation:—

"Between rebellion and belligerency there is a doubtful period during which the agents of government think themselves licensed to give way to their passions under the name of crushing treason. Among the loyalists of the baser sort some exercise brigandage in the name of the Crown."—"The United States," chap. ii.)

* * *

IRELAND is living in precisely this doubtful period of licence. The newspapers record a fraction of the whole doleful tale, but within the last week there is renewed evidence of the torture and ill-usage of prisoners, of murder and looting. At the Castlerea Quarter Sessions a shopkeeper tells his story. A lorry drives up, masked men in uniform with arms invade his house, loot it of boots, tobacco, cigarettes, whisky, brandy, rum, stout, perfume, and, finally, with a touch to delight Synge, destroy mountings for coffins, habits for the dead, and crucifixes. In County Roscommon, the little village of Knockcroghery has been wiped out by way of reprisal. A little while ago it was said that eight farmhouses a night were being burned by official reprisal in County Tipperary. In reprisal for reprisal, and to prevent their being used as stations for the military and Auxiliaries, one big country house after another is now being destroyed by the I.R.A., so that in time the South of Ireland will be as that country described in "Eothen," where gentlemen's seats were greatly to seek. In this matter, as a Unionist member said, deprecating reprisals, Sinn Féin holds the cards and unsparingly uses them.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Government shoots or hangs its prisoners. The Republicans retaliate, as in the case of

Mr. Potter, D.I., whom they executed in reprisal for the execution of Traynor. A pathetic correspondence of Mr. Potter, the I.R.A. officer having him in custody, and, in particular, of his widow, with its noble repudiation of revenge and appeal to a Christian principle, illumines this incident with a glorious but most mournful light. The remarkable case of John McKeown, an officer of the Republican Army, awaits the issue. As a local leader of the I.R.A., he had conducted a series of successful operations, and incidentally was at pains to bring help to his wounded enemies and to ensure the good treatment of his prisoners. We do not know that he is singular in this, but he certainly won to a remarkable degree the admiration and sympathy of the Auxiliaries by his courage and humanity. In an unsuccessful attempt to capture him, made by six fully armed men, he single-handedly defeated them and killed Mr. M. McGrath, the D.I. in charge of the party. Later he was wounded and captured, and admitted the killing of the District Inspector, for which charge he has been tried for his life. Auxiliaries came to testify to his reputation, and the widow of the District Inspector, in another great-hearted letter, has appealed for his life. If such appeals are disregarded, if the shooting and hanging of prisoners taken in war continue, and the system of reprisals be maintained, this small war of the Chancellor's will not be small in its consequences.

THE Imperial Conference opened at Downing Street on Monday with a long but far from informing speech by Mr. Lloyd George, in which he touched hastily on most of the external problems of the day. Apart from some callous references to unemployment (the workers, he said, are suffering no "privation," thanks to the "sacrifices" of the well-to-do), and the usual platitudes about the Empire, the main points were insistence on the need of friendship with America, a somewhat embarrassed and hesitating apology for the Japanese Alliance, and a welcome for any American proposals for disarmament, coupled with a rather sinister hint of the necessity, in their absence, for a big British Navy. He echoed Mr. Harvey's recent speech ("we desire to work with the great Republic in all parts of the world") evidently with intention. But we confess ourselves unable to understand the policy which seems to base itself on an active and positive Anglo-American co-operation, and yet renews the useless Japanese Alliance, while it keeps the Irish wound open. The replies of the Dominion Premiers on the following day were even less important. Mr. Meighen hinted his opposition to the Japanese Alliance. General Smuts pleaded ably for disarmament and co-operation with America. Mr. Hughes favored the renewal of the Japanese Alliance, would like to see disarmament, but also insists on a big navy and does not want to pay for it. The Dominions, he argued, must not be asked to share the cost at the same *per capita* rate as Great Britain. It is *naïveté* like this which alone relieves the dullness of such conferences.

LORD CURZON'S visit to Paris proves a desire on the part of the British Government to smooth out the complications in Turkey, and to end the risk that we may be involved in the war as the seconds of Greece. His proposal is said to be that the Greek Army, which originally landed in Smyrna with the consent of the Supreme Council, should now evacuate Asia Minor entirely, by its orders. By way of compensation some sort of autonomy is proposed, presumably under an Allied guarantee, for Smyrna, but whether for the city alone or for the province also is not clear. The French Press, which is not very hopeful of the success of this

scheme, assumes that Lord Curzon must have assured himself in advance of the consent of the Greeks. That they should yield so easily, after rejecting the proposals made in London, seems surprising. But will the Turks consent to accept the Allies as mediators? It may not occur to Lord Curzon as possible that anyone should question his justice and wisdom. None the less he underwent this unpleasant experience in the Russo-Polish War, and the Turks can hardly be expected to forget that he is the author of the Treaty of Sèvres, which partitioned their country and imposed the control of the Allies. It seems, however, that Lord Curzon's initiative has, at any rate, postponed the Greek offensive, and the French are disposed, though in a spirit of scepticism, to join with him in an effort to secure a permanent peace.

UPPER SILESIA has not yet been considered between Lord Curzon and M. Briand. In so far as this may mean that neither side professes to make it a subject of barter against concessions in the Turkish question, there is reason for satisfaction. But the delay is dangerous and very difficult to understand. There is no change in the behavior of the French authorities on the spot, and their continued partiality to the Polish insurgents afflicts our officers with shame and despair. There is still great difficulty in persuading the German Self-Defence Corps to withdraw from their advanced positions. Their reason for refusal is that as yet, though the Poles have withdrawn from some agricultural districts and forests, they have not yet evacuated any part of the industrial area. Moreover, they do not disband even when they do withdraw, and they leave a secret armed force behind them, which may at any time be called out for further operations. The delay, meanwhile, is making grave difficulties for the Wirth Cabinet. It has accepted all the Allies' demands, and has shown, even on the admission of M. Briand, genuine goodwill in carrying them out. It had relied, after Mr. George's speech, at least on British support for "fair play" in Upper Silesia. But British support has so far amounted only to words.

THE Wirth Government, meanwhile, is facing all the economic consequences of its reparation obligations very seriously, including the thorny problem of further taxation. It has a plan for stabilizing the mark. It proposes to return to a gold basis, with the present paper mark fixed at one-tenth of its old value. The mark, that is to say, will be worth ten pfennig. The gain in fixing it at all should be immense, for its fluctuations were more detrimental to trade than its low value. The new value is, however, appreciably above the present figure, and in raising it from, say, 260 to 200 to the pound, there is bound to be a sharp temporary crisis in prices, wages, and, worst of all, perhaps in salaries. The papers of the Right seem hostile to the proposal, and their opposition has to be faced in all the legislation incidental to reparations. Dr. Rathenau has been explaining some of the difficulties which beset the German plans for reparation in labor and kind. The French Trade Unions insist that German workers in France must be paid at French rates and in francs. That, given the exchange, would be a heavy charge for the German Government. Again, it had planned the rebuilding of the French towns on a new plan, more hygienic than the old, and also, by means of the economy of mass production, much cheaper. But the French householder insists on the exact reproduction of his old dwelling on the old site, and the law is on his side. It seems an irrational, if natural, sentimentality.

WE do not know the result of the attack on Dr. Addison's position and salary, and we do not greatly care. Personally, Dr. Addison is by no means the worst of Mr. George's colleagues, and in so far as the movement against him is part of the effort to put the whole curative and ameliorative side of Government on the scrap-heap, we have no sympathy with it. But there is nothing to be said for the dodge by which Dr. Addison's salary and services have been retained. If his administration of the Ministry of Health was judged to be bad and extravagant, he should, at this time of all others, have been sacked from the Ministry. But there is nothing to be said for the plan of stripping him of his office, and attaching him, for the Prime Minister's general political purposes, to a post without duties and with a salary which cannot be earned. Everyone sees through this trickery; and the Prime Minister deserves the shaking which is his personal reward for his share in it.

* * *

THE Labor Party's debates at Brighton hardly showed a clear appreciation either of its opportunities or its difficulties. The chairman, Mr. Cameron, did reveal the newly awakened consciousness of the party to the deeper and particularly the international causes of our discontents. But he gave no hint that the leaders have measured the strength of their opponents, or that they realize the complexity of the task of arresting the downward slide to economic and social chaos. Easy talk about the abolition of capitalism and the ownership of the means of production will not help the party over the fearful obstacles that lie directly in its path. It would be better to be quite honest with the country and admit that Labor has no magic cure for the world's evils. The road back to sanity and prosperity must be a hard one, and politicians who hold out short cuts to a millennium merely prepare the way for the forces of reaction. The most hopeful episode in the Conference was its full acceptance of Mr. Roden Buxton's and Mr. Wallhead's demonstration that the depression and the attacks on wages are fruits of the Treaty and of the attempt to hold down the German people by way of reparations. Mr. Clynes responded to the mood of the Conference, and candidly confessed the party's grave error in letting the first and second reading of the Government's Bill go by. For the rest the overwhelming vote against the affiliation of the Communist Party was expected. But there is something to be said for the miners' policy of admitting the Communists, and permeating them with Labor moderatism.

* * *

ALTHOUGH there has been much talk about the abstention of one-third of the members of the Miners' Federation in the coal ballot, the vote cannot possibly be questioned as a representative decision. While on the one hand, as in some parts of Notts, the men refused to vote as a protest against the policy of the Federation, in other districts officials were told to take back the ballot papers on the ground that the Federation ought not to have submitted such terms to a vote. The decision left the Executive no alternative but to declare that the stoppage must continue. Yet there was a strong minority which would have seized any opportunity of further debate with the Government or the owners, if the threat to withdraw the £10,000,000 offer could have been waived for a few days longer. The Prime Minister's odd passion for consistency in this matter must be held partly responsible for the confusion and loss which must attend the final stages of the dispute. His specific withdrawal of the offer after Sunday night silenced the peace-seekers in the Executive, and stung the fight-to-a-finish

men into the last desperate act of trying to induce other unions to join a general stoppage.

* * *

THE speech of Mr. Frank Hodges at the Labor Party Conference on the situation thus created did not lack courage. It was at once an appeal for help for a forlorn hope, a confession of doubt as to its success, and an admission that if "downfall" became inevitable through the men's failure to resist starvation any longer, the leaders would have to tell them that they were beaten, and advise them to go back to work. The general opinion in the Conference was that this was likely to be the end of the struggle. The engineering workers' ballot bids fair to go heavily against acceptance of the employers' terms, and the rank-and-file in this industry favor common action with the miners. But the dockers and farm laborers could hardly be expected to strike prematurely. The closing part of Mr. Hodges's speech suggested inevitably that he expects defeat, but looks for a fierce awakening to the possibilities of political power.

* * *

THE more one studies the diplomatic history of the late war, the stronger grows the impression that the lines of the settlement, as it ultimately emerged, were largely accidental. There had, of course, been from the first an active school of thought which was bent on the destruction of Austria-Hungary. It was only in the last year of the war that it won the leaders of the Entente, and even then the decisive fact was the service rendered by the Tchecho-Slovaks in fighting the Bolsheviks. The decisive evidence on this point comes from the detailed narrative of his efforts to make peace on Austria's behalf, which Prince Sixte of Bourbon has at last given to the world ("Austria's Peace Offer." Constable). The book is too fully documented, and too garrulous in its personal details to be very readable, but it is full of curious and illuminating information. The main point of interest to us is that, over a period of several months in 1917, both the French and the British Governments were prepared, not merely to make an easy peace with Austria, if she would desert her Ally, but actually to aggrandize her into the most considerable Power of the Continent!

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THE ample documents speak for themselves. The decisive date was August 6th, 1917, when Mr. George and M. Ribot agreed to make a definite offer of a separate peace to the Emperor Karl. "The basis now adopted consisted in an offer to restore Silesia as one of the Hereditary States, and to add the whole of the kingdom of Poland, as it existed in 1772, with the whole of the existing kingdom of Bavaria, as federated States under the Imperial Sceptre. In return for these concessions, the Monarchy need only surrender the Trentino to Italy, and transform the status of Trieste at least to that of a Free Port." The plan was absurd, for the Hapsburgs lacked the daring, if they had had the treachery, to accept German territory. But apart from this, the loyalty of Messrs. George and Ribot to Russia is highly instructive, for the Poland of 1772 included, besides the Duchy of Warsaw, much genuinely Russian territory. Serbia and Roumania would have had to content themselves with their territory as it stood in 1914, and no Tchecho-Slovakia would ever have existed. It is obvious from this, and much else in the book, that the sole consistent idea of the heads of the Entente was to weaken Germany. If that could be achieved by making a great Austria, allied to themselves, in a new Balance of Power, they were quite content. The "liberation" of the Austrian Slavs was an after-thought and a means to an end. In its way a revelation of this kind is as shattering as the Secret Treaties themselves.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PASSING OF LLOYD GEORGE.

WE have no knowledge of what moved Mr. Lloyd George to his public rebuke of the attitude of the Churches to his Irish and social policy. It may have been a twinge of conscience, or an annoying memory of the time when he himself was a somewhat conspicuous dealer in public righteousness. The Prime Minister, having in his salad days used the Free Churches for all the political influence he could get out of them, may have considered that the great battle of Church and State was over, and that having been induced to promote the war and tolerate the peace, official Christianity would stand anything. He may have been reasonably annoyed to find that it still had a conscience left. Or he may have felt genuine surprise that its lantern should have been turned on him rather than on Sinn Féin and the Miners' Federation. But there is no mistaking his general line of thought. Let the Church know her place; she was the second, not the first. The real issues—war, the relations of Labor and Capital, the government of rebel peoples—were committed to the politicians. They were the directing classes. The Churchman could create an atmosphere; he had no right to an opinion, even, it would seem, to a moral judgment.

Now this is a momentous issue; and we have no desire to shirk it. It may seem a trifle audacious for a singularly light-minded member of the political class to move religion out of the world in the hour when most of its younger thinkers plead for her return, and when the very existence of humanity may depend on its power to rediscover a common rule of spiritual life. But that, in effect, is the demand of the politics of the great materialistic period. It was the earlier Darwinians who banished the soul from physical evolution.* And now the opportunist statesmen, who allowed and prepared for the war without any mental reference to its effect on the future of the race, ask to be allowed to deal as they please with the fragments of society that remain. Mr. George himself, be it remembered, insisted on a fight to a finish. He would listen to no argument for a compromise—no suggestion that the warring States must find the means of mutual accommodation they have since been laboring in vain to discover. After-war Europe and England live on; but how? On a baser level of thought than before the war, which was not a time of spiritual force or creative intelligence. Never were our people so divided and so unsettled. Never had they less confidence in their rulers and in each other. The war was to have brought them security; physically and militarily, indeed, England has nothing to fear. Yet her nerve-system remains stretched out on a tremulous thread of anxiety and apprehension. Mr. George has the audacity to tell the Colonial Premiers that the Empire is built, not on "force," but on "goodwill" and "mutual understanding." How much more on "force," and how much less on "goodwill" and "understanding" since Mr. George came into power, let the state of Ireland, of Labor, of Egypt, of India say. All is worsened; and if the Bishop of Chelmsford pleads that the trouble is due to the divorce of politics from religion, Mr. George is the last man in the world to say him nay. It is a great evil for a nation to quit the path of justice,

encumbered as it may be, and to set up the horrible canon of revenge. Mr. George did this, and no modern Government ever sank lower. The Churches, or some of them, protested, not because they disliked Mr. George, but because their creed forbade them to tolerate murder. Mr. George's retort is that God is love, and that the business of the Church is not to take sides in public life, but to "create an atmosphere." The Prime Minister aggravates his offence by mixing sentimental piety with disregard of the plain obligations of Christian ethics. Love descends on the earth in no mystic showers of general blessing; it lives or dies in the hearts of its chosen ministers. Mr. George had it in his power to "create" a greater circle of divine love in Central Europe, and a smaller one in Southern Ireland. He preferred the blockade and the fires of Balbriggan. Louis XIV. and Tilly did nothing worse; but humanity has not yet consented to canonize the dragonnades or the Thirty Years' War.

But "myopic demagoguery," in Mr. Shaw's phrase, is, we hope, nearing the end of its disastrous day. While the religious world is thus at odds with Mr. Lloyd George, a movement has arisen in secular politics which is destined, to-day, or to-morrow, or the day after, to bring his career as Prime Minister to an end. There can be no longer any doubt that the continued rout of the Ministerial candidates in the constituencies has at last produced a crisis in the Tory Party, and that their association with the Coalition is at stake. For a false situation has suddenly grown into an intolerable one. Mr. George was never their chief; and now his political mind and theirs, or rather his entire scheme and method of government, are in active opposition. The whole sympathy of the Tory leaders and the average Tory voter is with the anti-waste propaganda which is sweeping over the country like a flood. To-day the Government does not own a safe seat in Great Britain and Ireland. It lacks even the power to save itself from anti-waste by grovelling to it. Nor is anti-waste a passing fad. There are elements, personal and political, in this agitation which we hope never to see linked, directly or indirectly, with the government of England. But with the mass of the electors it is no more a deliberate act than the flight of sheep to shelter in a storm. The country stands on the brink of industrial and financial ruin; and if ever there was a natural wastrel at the head of affairs, it is Mr. George. The Prime Minister's mis-handling of the nation is, in our view, complete. He destroys, without a touch of creative energy; and his extraordinary talent for politics has revealed his complete incapacity for government. In two years he has led us to a pass in which the industrial force of Britain has almost ceased to operate. This country may have great possessions and prestige; but trade is its life-blood, and that is flowing away in a drain of taxes such as no prospering community could ever sustain and live. But England is not prosperous. She has lost much trade since the war, and, taking her most formidable competitors, it is doubtful whether she stands within 40 to 60 per cent. of the German or American rate of production, even in her established and staple industries. Cotton stands secure; can as much be said of any other great industrial occupation? Nor is there any firm prospect of recovery for our stricken foreign trade. Mr. George has utterly antagonized Labor, and he has cruelly penalized it. The workman is threatened with the loss of the standard of living he won during the war; but even if that goes and real wages sink to the level of 1914 or below it, the problem of industry remains unsolved, for it is the *morale* and the productive power of Labor, not its reward, which is to-day the critical factor. This, again, the Government

* See Mr. Shaw's interesting argument in the preface to his new series of plays, "Back to Methuselah."

cannot stimulate, and has done much to depress and destroy. The trouble, therefore, is moral; trust is gone, and cannot be restored. There is to-day not a segment of industrial England that believes in Mr. George's management of its affairs. To get rid of so characterless a thing is not an act of political convenience. It is the instinct of a community in fear of its life and in doubt of its future.

Now the chief agent in the coming fall of Mr. George is, as we have said, the revolt of the Conservative Party. Its allegiance to the Coalition is undermined, and any moment may see it formally withdrawn. The question is what part Labor and Liberalism are to play in the decree of eviction which has gone out against the Government. The Tory Party desires, beyond doubt, to manage England on anti-waste principles, and with a leader whom it trusts. We are afraid it is too much to hope that its choice will fall on an enlightened progressive like Lord Robert Cecil, or that the causes of free trade and liberty in Ireland would be safe in its hands. For that reason we should much prefer the more rational and enlightened alternative of a Government formed from the best elements in Labor, in Liberalism, and in the ranks of the free Conservatives. But that is an act of statesmanship to which at present neither Labor nor Liberalism has proved itself equal. In our view the Labor Party's isolation has been a capital error. The political power of Labor depends on its industrial strength, and in the storm which is coming that may be shaken to its foundations. But for the moment we are not in presence of a purely political movement, to which we can freely apply the test of ideas or of definite political principles. The anti-wastrels do not associate Mr. George's failure in government with his moral defects, with the blunder and the infamy of his policy on Reparations, or with the fearful errors he committed at Versailles. The country is simply frightened, and anxious, in its fright, to be rid of an adventurer, whom it begins to regard as a public danger. That is substantially true. Mr. George is a great political artist, and he has had the time of his life with the Sassenach. But in four years he has demoralized England and nearly ruined her, and she is fast making up her mind to have no more of him.

THE EMPIRE, THE FLEET, AND JAPAN.

"THE most hopeful experiment in human organization which the world has yet seen," was the phrase in which the Prime Minister described the British Empire, as he welcomed its delegates to Downing Street. "Hopeful" we may all believe it to be. An "experiment" it certainly is, for the proof that it lives is that it constantly adapts itself to changing conditions and moving ideas. But one word in this definition seems to us inapposite. Where and what is the organization? This astonishing collection of peoples, this society of almost sovereign States, is in nothing more remarkable than in its ability to survive and to act without any organization which the student of constitutions could classify or define. It is a Monarchy, under a King-Emperor bereft of all personal power. It is a Democracy which possesses no common representative Assembly. It is an Alliance which has no Treaty as its basis. Its legal theory has lost its living relation to the actual facts. The facts have not yet driven us into the constructive effort of framing a Constitution which fits them. The amazing thing is that this loose assemblage of peoples which, to any but the English mind, would seem a chaos, is none the less the one living and solid super-national structure in the

world. It has, properly speaking, no structure at all. Its lack of organization would cause a biologist to class it among the lower forms of life. And yet it has a vitality, a power of movement, growth, and action which no constitution could much enhance. So much the test of a long and shattering war has proved. Three Empires perished in that war, and it alone survived, and came out of the trial apparently more firmly knit than ever. The oddity of this phenomenon lies in the fact that in spite of this proved unity in action, the tendency of recent years has been towards the assertion of the independence of the parts. Never before the war had these parts, which we used to call "colonies," been recognized so clearly as distinct "nations." They figure to-day in the League as sovereign States, with their own representatives in its Assembly. They have even begun to conduct their own diplomatic intercourse, so that a Canadian Minister works independently of the British Ambassador at Washington. It is literally and formally true, as Mr. Lloyd George put it, that they "stand beside the United Kingdom as equal partners."

The arrangement for the decision of common policy is precisely that which linked the Allies throughout the war. Call it, as you please, Conference or Cabinet or Delegation, the meeting of Prime Ministers once a year is, in form and function, the exact reproduction of the Supreme Council. Canada, Australia, Great Britain, and the rest decide their joint affairs precisely as the Big Four decided theirs. If unanimity is attained, no difficulty arises. But if opinions should diverge, there is no arrangement for a majority vote. The Empire cannot overrule the least of the Dominions, and a serious difference of opinion would result either in paralysis or in disruption. That is the defect of all international organization as it exists to-day. The sovereign State cannot be overruled, and wherever sovereign States work together, the fiction of their legal equality results in the baffling requirement of unanimity. Alliance, League, and Empire—they are all, on paper, subject to the same defect. The only difference is that, in practice, the closer identity of interests, the general similarity of outlook, and the habit and facility of compromise which seems to characterize our race, make the Empire workable in a higher degree than the more ambitious organizations are.

An Empire may congratulate itself on "muddling through" with an impossible Constitution. But it is a grave mistake to cite the experience of the war as a reason for refusing to face the problem of reconstruction. The loyalty of blood is always strongest during war, and amid peril the defects of an Empire's Constitution are in reality less painfully felt than in the humdrum years of peace. The facts stand badly in need of adjustment, if the equality of status is to become a daily reality. It is not yet that. The external policy of the Empire is still, in the main, conducted, if not by the British Cabinet or the British Foreign Secretary, at all events by the British Premier. An annual conference can only influence its general lines, and even then only on matters which directly touch the Dominions. The equality of status can hardly become an equality in control until the Dominions shoulder a share of the cost of defence which corresponds to their population and their wealth. There is, we believe, only one way of turning the flank of the Sovereign State, which claims an equality that offends commonsense and declines to be overruled. There must be the direct representation of populations. One cannot admit that New Zealand shall count for as much as the United Kingdom, but on a vote its citizens should count, one by one, for as much as ours. Probably we are nowhere near this stage as yet. It will come only when the population of the greater Dominions is more

nearly equal in numbers to our own. In the meanwhile the Empire will survive by that habitual tact which never allows a theoretic anomaly to become an actual grievance.

This Conference, we take it, is not immediately charged with the solution of constitutional questions. Its importance lies in its bearing on current problems. The worth of this gathering to the Empire, its place amid the shaping forces of our time, its moral standing and its power of leadership, depend mainly on its ability to perform one act of courage. If it meets and disperses without an effort to solve the Irish question, it will rank with any of the ordinary official gatherings, which possess neither a will nor an intellect of their own. That these communities, which have won—most of them without effort or struggle or ardent desire, by the mere accident of physical distance from the centre—the status of nations, should look on, without a deed or even a word, while the Irish race, endowed with all the passion of nationality, struggles in vain, through bloodshed and desolation, to attain the form of it, would imply an unnatural aloofness. Nothing which this Conference may achieve in any other field would compensate for its failure to attack the most urgent and the most painful of all Imperial questions. The opinion of the Dominion Premiers will be asked about Egypt: Ireland touches them more nearly.

Next in importance ranks the question of naval disarmament, which Mr. George has himself raised. That is as much their affair as ours, for if the cost of the fleet falls mainly on us, its duties include the defence of their shores and communications. The next step is clearly a conference between the three chief naval Powers, and Mr. George has now said plainly and publicly that we shall welcome the American initiative which has long been expected. It matters little whether limitation is sought through an agreement on the number of capital ships, or on the figures of the Budget. Public opinion all the world over is ready for a drastic reduction, and even the United States confesses restlessness under the financial burden of this dangerous competition. But we gravely question whether armaments can be limited without some agreement upon policy. Navies are built for a purpose. If that purpose be, as all profess, defence, the things which are defended are never so much shores as policies and ambitions. We are defending with our super-Dreadnoughts not so much the shores of Kent as the pretension to monopolize the oil of Mesopotamia. Japan is defending not her island kingdom, but its vast and indefinite extensions in Manchuria, Siberia, and Shantung. If the economic implications of a "mandate," and the meaning of the "open door" in China, are left to the decision of those who control the British and Japanese fleets, then any arrangement over disarmament will be at best a temporary adjustment in the interests of economy. It will be surprising if even so much as that can be achieved. A genuine step towards disarmament, a step which eliminates the competitive building of fleets as a means of settling the balance of power, a constructive effort towards world peace, must begin not with naval budgets, but with the policies which lie behind them.

The main issues in disarmament are, to be concrete, oil and China, and the first point to decide is whether the Anglo-Japanese Alliance shall be renewed next month. It is to be feared that the decision of the British Cabinet is taken for renewal, and it remains to be seen whether General Smuts and Mr. Meighen are strong enough to influence it. Needless to say, this decision governs the whole subject of naval disarmament. With whatever restrictions the new Treaty may be

hedged, an Alliance must mean that for some purposes and for some contingencies the British and Japanese fleets are to be counted together. What purpose the Alliance now serves is a mystery which we do not pretend to fathom. It had its "point" first against Russia and then against Germany. Neither now has a fleet. It is easy to say that the Alliance does not hold against the one remaining Pacific Power, America. What, then, is its purpose? The conventional answer is not reassuring. The Alliance, we shall be told, is an arrangement between Britain and Japan for the defence of the integrity of China, and the maintenance of the open door. If that ever was its genuine purpose, it has worked in the contrary sense. Russia and Germany have, indeed, by its operation been driven from their several trespassings on Chinese territory. But as they have receded, Japan has advanced. She has annexed Korea and Formosa. She has settled in Manchuria and Shantung. She has, in the notorious twenty-one points, demanded for herself a protectorate over the whole of China. In Siberia she has crept in during Russia's hour of weakness, and she is at the moment engaged in destroying the Far-Eastern Republic, which is not even Bolshevik in form, though it lives on good terms with the Soviet Government. Everywhere, but especially in Korea and Siberia, Japanese rule has been, beyond all Western precedents, ruthless and bloody, and everywhere, but especially in Manchuria, it has found expedients for circumventing the nominal equality in trading rights.

All this has gone on under the shelter of our Alliance. Either we sincerely meant to protect the integrity of China, but found ourselves unable to restrain an Ally, or else we knew what we were doing, and looked forward to the distant hour when we, in our own turn, should take for ourselves such provinces as the Japanese might leave to us. A renewal of the Alliance means our further tolerance of this detestable process, offensive to humanity as it is, and injurious to every honest economic interest. The Alliance, of course, is not directed against America, so long as she also tolerates this stealthy but rapid Japanese aggrandizement. If and when she does oppose it, the Alliance, if it means anything, comes into play, not against America, of course, but for the defence of that *status quo* in China which Japan, with our assent, has created. We realize the risk of offending Japan. But is it difficult to end an alliance politely when the opponents against whom it was directed have ceased to exist on the high seas? Is not the League of Nations a new fact? If Japan is sensitive about her status, is it not enough that she sits permanently in the Council of the League? Let the Alliance be transformed and expanded into a triple Pacific agreement to include America. If it is renewed as a dual bond, there can be little progress in Anglo-American friendship and still less in the project of disarmament.

THE MISERY OF IRELAND.

"No man or woman is now happy in Ireland."—*Lord Desart*.

"Suppose that you put Limerick or Ennis into as close an imitation of Ypres as circumstances will admit? You may—and I gather that the noble and learned lord hopes that you will—thus sweep away the rebellion. But unless you exterminate the population altogether, where will you be then?"—*Lord Crewe*.

If Englishmen could stand aside for one moment and look at Ireland as if she were a country living under some other flag than the British, what an overwhelming verdict would they pronounce on her rulers! There are still to be found men and women who complain that

critics of the Government overlook Irish perversity, Irish provocation, Irish crime. To such complaints there is a simple answer. When in the history of the world has mankind, in passing judgment on flagrant disorder of this kind, put the blame on the ruled and not on the rulers? Italy was in violent disorder in 1850. Murder, plot, treachery, political crime, and private crime were rampant. It would be easy for a historian to tell a revolting tale of the outrages and the assassinations by which Italians gave wild expression to anger, hope, or despair. But of all the students of history who know to-day of the achievements of Garibaldi, there are very few who know much of this aspect of the Italian struggle. Why? Because when a Government deliberately misgoverns a people the imagination fastens on this capital fact, and all the savage crime that marks the life of that people falls into its place in the picture; just as in great artists' compositions all the devices of color and design are used to group every feature round some capital truth. The fact that stands out in this landscape is the atrocious character of our government.

To say this is not to excuse the crime that is making this passionate chapter of Irish history darker every day. No people can allow men to serve its purposes by such methods without paying a terrible price. The leaders of the Irish movement have done their own cause and the great cause of liberty a sad wrong in allowing their protest, which might have been one of the impressive gestures of history, to degenerate into this riot of violence. Irishmen who are in the fullest sympathy with the national spirit dread its effect on Irish character, and it does not take any very intimate knowledge of the events that are happening in Ireland to make one realize that sporadic revenge is assuming every day a more odious form. Italy paid for crimes that are now forgotten long after she was free; Ireland, we fear, will not escape that fate. But for Englishmen there is a still more direct and overwhelming responsibility. Those who read the speeches of Lord Desart and Lord Dunraven or the Irish newspapers recognize that to find an adequate description of life in Ireland to-day you must go back to the pages in which Tacitus described the terror under some of the Roman Emperors. Murder and counter-murder, plot and counter-plot, treachery and counter-treachery, terrorism and counter-terrorism, make up a world in which crime usurps the place of law as the shield between violence and violence. And that world has been created by Ireland's rulers just as the world in which these passions raged in the pages of Roman historians was created by a Nero or a Domitian. For the people of this country are responsible, and will be responsible at the bar of history, for this collapse of all the habits and traditions of civilized life. "No man or woman is now happy in Ireland." Could the most bitter critic of the rule of Austria in Italy or Prussia in Poland have passed a more terrible judgment on their Government?

Is there any plea under God's Heaven that would justify one nation in inflicting such misery on another? If there is, every Empire in history is guiltless. If there is, the League of Nations should put up the shutters. For our part, we cannot believe that even the pretext of the national safety is a just apology for such a crime, any more than we can believe that it is a sane one. What must be clear to the simplest mind is that the Government's plan of continuing and developing this policy will bring us to ruin as surely as this plan brought Austria to ruin. Our Empire is a complex of passions and sympathies not less delicate, and the world to-day is not more serene

or settled than the Europe of last century. So plain is this to most observers that it was widely believed that the Government would announce last Tuesday their readiness to make some bold concession. That expectation has been disappointed. All the weighty appeals made in the House of Lords have had no effect on Ministers. We presume that they will be equally unmoved by the warning addressed to them by two-thirds of the Senators of the Southern Parliament, who declare that they will take no part in the government of Ireland by the methods that the Government have threatened to adopt. Even such Unionists as Lord Middleton join in this protest; so that it is no exaggeration to say that the Government are thrusting their armed plans not on nine Irishmen out of ten, but on ninety-nine out of a hundred. And what prospect do Ministers offer us? The Lord Chancellor sees no hope "perhaps for long months," but he thinks that "the desperate nature of the present position" may offer us some assurance. In other words, there is some hope that one day we may be at peace with Ireland just because "no man or woman is happy in Ireland." This is the proud position that we are to occupy in history. We are to say, "Yes, at the end of the great war for freedom, the Irish people asked for self-determination." "What did you answer? Did you show them that their desire for freedom and self-expression could be satisfied without breaking with England? Had you statesmen who could act boldly and generously, as your statesmen acted in South Africa and Canada, who could find some method of securing the interests of both countries, either within or without the Empire?" "No," we shall answer, "our statesmen said that Ireland could not be allowed to control her taxes or to have the rights of a self-governing colony." "Did the Irish people accept that decision?" "Not at first; not, indeed, for some years, but ultimately we compelled them." "How?" "By methods at which you can guess, when we tell you that it was said of our rule that no man or woman was happy in Ireland." That is the best the Government offer us: no student of history can do more than faintly imagine the worst.

For our part we are glad that the Government have spoken openly, and put to rest all the rumors and whispers of peace that have been the accompaniment to their policy of war. We know where we stand. To ask the King to open the Ulster Parliament at such a moment and in such an atmosphere, was to do gross violence to his office. His Ministers put into his mouth last Wednesday a speech calling on Irishmen to come together to save their country, and to "forget and forgive." This is language for a sovereign giving freedom for the future and amnesty for the past. How does it sound to the world coming from Ministers who are imposing on Irishmen a military tyranny odious to a whole people, and who are hanging rebels as ruthlessly as the Emperor Francis Joseph in 1850? It is only decent when you ask a monarch to talk of forgiveness to lay aside the halter: otherwise you make what might be a message of peace into a mockery. We cannot doubt that every self-respecting Englishman, whatever his politics, when he sees what exactly it is that the Government offer as a solution for the most terrible crisis in our history, will refuse to be an accomplice in this policy. For if he has any imagination at all, he will understand that we are now at war with the Irish people for the rights Prussia claimed in Europe, and that if that war continues we shall find ourselves sooner or later fighting for those rights against enemies more powerful than the Irish.

THE GREEN RISING.

BY D. THOMPSON AND M. W. FODOR.*

III.

EVEN more than Hungary was Roumania feudal before the war. Practically all the land was in the hands of the "Bojar," large holders, and the peasant was a serf. With the rise of Bolshevism in Russia and Hungary this class became the most restless and dangerous, and that they did not actually revolt in 1918 and 1919 was due to their lack of organization. Under the compelling circumstances, especially in view of the imminent menace of Russian invasion, the Avarescu Government felt compelled to introduce a land reform in February of this year. In Transylvania, now a section of Roumania, the land reform had started earlier, as against the great Hungarian landlords. The Roumanian peasant still has no political representation, and is still unorganized, but dissatisfaction and unrest continue, and it is certain that the Government must make more and more concessions to this class.

Czecho-Slovakia alone of these Central European countries remains ascendantly industrial. But even here, where the town workers are more solidly entrenched in power than elsewhere in the Succession States, a new peasant class is being created and is emerging into the world quite self-conscious. The big estates of Bohemia have been divided and given, not to peasants or land-workers, but to trustworthy supporters of the Government and to legionaries who were billeted in German districts to keep down German unrest, thus Czechifying former German and Slovak lands. The agricultural laborer here has been absorbed into the Socialist ranks, and the new peasants are politically educated. What measures this new peasant class will take, or, indeed, whether they will survive, is a question. The point is that the big estate owner has passed, and that the land has become an important question in Czech politics.

Even more complete, even more significant, is the ascendancy of the peasant in Russia—significant because the student of Central European politics must realize how immensely dependent is the whole situation on events in that land of mystery.

In Russia before the war the peasant was a slave. His life was indescribably primitive, and his greatest ambition was to get any kind of a job in the town. To-day he is absolutely in control. He owns land which the revolution gave him. The Bolsheviks who took away factories and mills from great corporations did not dare to nationalize land. Political changes have not touched the Russian peasant. Lenin, Denikin, and Wrangel all have the same programme for him. He may keep his land. He is the only remaining *bourgeois*. The towns once exploited him. Now, he decides prices, and the whole Bolshevik apparatus of food distribution must bow to his will. He rejects money, and fills his house with pianos and pictures, and his wife wears silk dresses. His economic position and his overwhelming numbers place him "above the battle."

What the Russian peasant will do none know. Russia has no conscious peasant movement. In the Ukraine bands of peasants rob and plunder. The class, as a whole, seem unwilling to assume responsibility, and offer no constructive policy. But they are economically emancipated and have felt their power. And as the peasant movement in Central Europe becomes more self-conscious it is bound to influence the Russian peasant in the direction of organization, and to seek to draw him into an international peasant movement.

IV.

A step toward such a united movement has already been taken. The "Green International" was formed in Passau in August of last year. The peasant class, almost completely unorganized before the war, sent representatives from parties in Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, French Normandy, Croatia, and Switzerland; and Holland and Denmark, while not present, sent messages of greeting. It is worth while to recall that the mover of this Conference, Dr. Heim, of Bavaria, probably had the welfare and progress of the peasants less in mind than the idea of forming a counterpoise to the various "Red" Internationals. But if this was his purpose, he failed, because the body thus assembled did not kindle to any programme of championing the town capitalist against the militant town worker. What captured the imagination of the gathering was the idea of putting down once and for all the ascendancy of the town interests over those of the country. Their antipathy was toward industrialism in all forms. In a sense it may be said that the peasant is more unconsciously "Bolshevik" than the Socialist town worker, for the latter merely wants to transfer the control of the industrial system, while the peasant is willing to see the end of it.

The "Green" International moves slowly. It is far more difficult to organize the country than it is the town. But the new organization exists, it actually represents some millions* of organized peasants, and it is growing, almost without set-back, in every Central European country.

V.

What does the "Green" rising hold in store for Europe? It offers both a promise and a threat.

Leaving Russia out of account, the peasant class is the only group of workers in Central Europe of whom it can be said that their ascendancy has not led to a material decrease in production. If the weather is favorable, the 1921 crop in Hungary and Bavaria will almost reach the figures of 1914. Bulgaria still has two years' crops to export. Austria's production is low, but for reasons partly, if not chiefly, attributable to the town and to political causes. There is a deplorable shortage of agricultural machinery and artificial and natural manures, upon which Austrian agriculture was more dependent than most of the surrounding countries. Kainit, phosphate and nitrates were always imported from Chile and Germany—particularly from the Rhinelands, Alsace, and Stassfurt. The Peace Treaty, which diverted Germany's surplus to France, and the unfavorable valuta, have seriously affected the Austrian peasant. Moreover, rising wages, without a corresponding rise in production in the town industries, have so increased the cost of manufactured articles that to-day the peasant must give a far larger amount of produce for essential manufactured goods than was the case before the war. Before the war, 20 litres of milk would buy a good shirt in Austria; now it takes 200 litres of milk to buy the same article. Five kilos of butter would buy a good pair of shoes. Now they cost 40 kilos. The illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. So that while it is true that the position of the peasant is better than that of a member of any other working class, it is not true in most countries that he has grown richer than he was before the war. He has cleared off his debts—a pre-war obligation of 5,000 kronen was large, and is negligible to-day,

* The first article appeared on the 11th inst.

* Our estimate: 3,000,000 in Hungary; 250,000 in Austria; 360,000 in Bavaria; 150,000 in Croatia; 1,000,000 in Bulgaria.

with the exchange what it is—but his real wealth is less, for he cannot replace his lost and requisitioned cattle and his worn-out machinery. The difficulties in his path have been great. The temptation to hoard his food rather than exchange it for worthless money has not always been resisted. But it is a question whether any other class of workers would have maintained production at as high a level under the same circumstances. The peasant, therefore, promises a productive state.

(To be concluded.)

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE country is in insurrection against the Government. That is the truth about our politics; and though the pro-Georgian account in the "Manchester Guardian" italicizes the failure of what it calls last week's Unionist "conspiracy" (due immediately to Mr. Churchill's coldness and the hostility of Lord Derby), the underlying trouble is not the illness of Mr. George but the electoral situation. The movement, therefore, is not abandoned; it is only postponed. The reaction at Westminster to the crushing defeats at Westminster and East Herts is so plain as to make a prolonged term of life for the Georgian Coalition impossible. The Tory Party has not been driving deliberately to this end; it is being driven. Look at the facts. Not a seat is now safe for the Coalition. Great pains were taken to avoid a defeat for Sir Herbert Jessel. The Prime Minister was warned that this must at all costs be avoided. He agreed, and, half in jest, I am told, asked if St. George's, Hanover Square, would do. Sir George Younger thought that to be an absolutely safe choice, for Sir Herbert was a good candidate, and his opponent was unknown, and, like most of the anti-wastrels, was an inconspicuous man. But he was swept out, and now the able and respected Sir Hildred Carlile shares his fate.

BUT these defeats have shaken the life out of the Tory Coalitionists. For *their* policy is anti-wastrelism, and they have no other. They would be anti-wastrels to-morrow, for mere prudence sake and for the saving of their seats, and all the mind they have is on the plan of a general and remorseless cut in expenditure. But their need is sorer than that. For the first time in her later industrial life the country has looked into the cupboard and found it almost bare. The war and its demoralization, Lloyd George and his policy, have brought industrial England near to ruin. The Tories see no further than that; they are not, like Lord Salisbury, men of principle, dating from our older, conventional party politics, and, unlike the able and open-eyed Cecilian group in the Commons, they cannot relate Mr. George's failure at home to the blundering of the Treaty and the after-war plundering of Germany, as well as to his moral and intellectual unfitness for his job. But they see enough to know that the Prime Minister's number is up, and that the only hope of a future for Toryism lies in the break-up of the Coalition and the formation of an anti-waste Government. That may come at any hour.

BUT there are difficulties. As this week's events have proved, the insurgent Tories have not as yet secured a leader. Lord Derby was an earlier choice of theirs, but setting aside his obvious inadequacy, he lies for the moment under the Georgian spell. Lord Robert Cecil is at the opposite pole of unsuitability to the average Tory mind. He is too good, too enlightened for the mass of low feeling and intelligence which rushed through the open doors of the Parliament

of 1918; and he is the obvious leader of a Liberal-Labor-Neo-Tory combination. The *hope* of politics is that this should come to birth, and there is no doubt who its Chancellor of the Exchequer should be. The *chances* are that if a Government of Public Safety (it will be little else) is formed, it will spring in the main from the Tory Party. Its negative policy will affront Labor and constructive Radicalism, for it offers no cure for the moral and the deeper political problems of the hour. Its merit will be the disappearance of the Prime Minister and his house-carles, and of the Jingo conception of Empire, not because Jingoism is bad, but because it costs money.

THERE remain the Liberal Coalies. The Wee Frees must be extremely cautious in their response to the overtures of the week, which remain open, for there can be no transaction with Georgian Opportunism, especially in view of the fact that the Prime Minister is the most confirmed coercionist in his Cabinet. But there, too, the hiving-off from the Government has begun. And there, as with the Tories, the arrivists and the time-servers are in conflict with a small body of intellectuals who regard the Irish and the Protectionist policies, and the blunder on Reparations, with aversion and contempt, and are disposed to take a still more alarmist, because a more informed, view of the financial and industrial crisis. This group leans strongly to reunion with the Liberals, and its movement will, doubtless, draw in a portion of the bewildered central body, conscious, like the Unionists of 1886, that the tide may at any moment leave it voteless and bare. British politics, therefore, tend again to a form of re-integration, leaving the adventurer who has broken all parties all but broken himself.

I AM informed, on the authority of the Russian Trade Delegation, that the circular letter alleged, in the "Morning Post" of June 2nd, to have been sent by Tchitcherin to the Russian delegations abroad is a forgery. The announcement is a very welcome one; and I am sure it will be received here with pleasure, for the policy of a Machiavellian war on the capitalist States which it announced was certainly a breach of the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement. The forgery was so extraordinarily clever as to deceive even Russian officials, including my informant, but there is now no doubt that the document is a concoction.

MEANWHILE, what of Soviet Government itself? My informant, a fairly recent observer, had no doubt at all of its stability, or of the marked improvement that has set in since the abolition of forced labor and requisitions for the peasantry, and the establishment of free trade (within a radius) between the towns and the country districts. When he was in Moscow this great change had not taken place. But even then there was no wavering in the country's adherence to Sovietism. He was present at a representative meeting at Moscow of 3,000 peasants, who demonstrated fiercely against the old supply system. But when Lenin entered the entire assembly cheered him for ten minutes, and his speech (on foreign relationships) closed the subject. Since then, though individual trading was allowed, within the radius, and the old raiding of the peasants' food sacks by the Extraordinary Commission had been abolished, the greater part of the new individual trading system has passed into the hands of the co-operative societies, which were being so rapidly extended as to bid fair to cover all Russia. No money passed; but barter had been organized, and a regular exchange of food for machinery set up, in proportion to the needs of each village, each peasant getting as great a share of it as his contribution of foodstuffs entitled him to. Under it

the town rations had increased, while the later returns for the factories showed a steady decrease of absenteeism, and a corresponding rise in the standard of production. The Soviets had obviously come to stay. They were criticized freely, but nobody, he found, wanted to be rid of them, either for a Royalist autocrat or a Constituent Assembly. That, said my informant, was the invariable end of the grumbling. The Soviets were the people's own. Under them they got control of their business; having it, they did not want to return to the idealogues or to the reaction.

CONSIDERING that Mr. Shaw's new book, or books, "Back to Methuselah" is a drama of "Creative Evolution," and that it takes in its course one leap of nearly 30,000 years of human life, I am, I hope, sensible of the impertinence of criticizing it in a paragraph. But I will venture a flying observation or two. It shows Mr. Shaw still at the top of his form as a pamphleteer, the best and indubitably the noblest of his craft. He has written nothing better than the last of his prefaces, more energetically phrased, or more precisely illustrated and argued. If the future historian of our later follies wants to save his readers' time by presenting an indictment in brief of the demagoguery, moral cowardice, and irreligion of which they were composed, he can insert Shaw's essay as an appendix, and run the risk of leaving his own immortal work unread. Here are the causes of 1914 set down as only a great writer with his eyes open can fix them.

Of the "Metabiological Pentateuch"—otherwise the series of five connected fables of human growth—I speak with a little reserve, born, it may be, of a too hasty perusal. The Garden of Eden, with which it opens, is a gem. I liked it very much indeed, and thought the Shavian Serpent adorable. I liked the shades of the chill Garden of the Soul, amid whose fading flowers it ends to extremely slow music, a little less. I have yet to like the middle portion, with its contemporary setting in the shape of realistic (but hardly realized) portraits of Mr. George and Mr. Asquith. Shaw is too contemptuous of the middle-class politician to be really interested in the drawing of him; and this rather scandalous *pas de deux* of the late and the present Prime Minister seems to me to suspend and almost destroy his philosophic scheme. I may get over this. Shall I be reconciled to "As far as thought can Reach"?

WELL, 30,000 years hence (I wish Mr. Shaw could have made it 300,000) is a long time. We shall then, as the result of a trifling exercise of the will to live a little longer, be born from eggs at about seventeen, have two years to make love in, two years more to pursue art and get sick of it, and an indefinite number of centuries (barring accidents, but not diseases, for we shall then have no insides worth speaking of) of intensive and solitary boredom. Man's life of passion is conceived as finished; henceforth he can consider his intellectual problems, or prepare for the next creative event, without the interruptions to which Horace, Tennyson's Lucretius, and Anatole France's sages were occasionally liable. All will be over, save (judging by the sample conversation of Mr. Shaw's He and She Ancients) a dying gleam of querulousness on the dead volcano's philosophic crest. Well, it may end that way as well as any other. It is a rather Shawesque view of Creative Evolution. But unless Shaw himself were there to liven up the dying scene of Man's long drama, I think I would rather not attend the funeral.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE VICTORY OF THE PLUMAGE BILL.

"About the world, while all the world approves,
The pimp of fashion steals,
With all the angels mourning their dead loves
Behind his bloody heels."

It is a happy thought that recent events, when the Plumage Bill passed its Third Reading in the Commons without a division, have made these words as academic as Dr. Johnson's denouncing the slave trade. It has taken fifty-two years' agitation to pass a Bill demanded in the interests of human security no less than by humanity, and it is no exaggeration to say that a further year's delay must have been fatal to many species of irreplaceable birds quite literally at their last gasp of existence upon the earth. For a variety of reasons—notably the much stronger organization of the trade than in the past, the clogging of Parliamentary machinery, and the filching of the privileges of the private M.P. (the Plumage Bill has been the only successful opposed private Bill of nearly two hundred balloted for at the beginning of the session), the apathy and demoralization of public opinion since the war, the despair occasioned by so many failures in the past, and so on—the campaigners of the last two years have had far worse difficulties to face than ever before, and to those of them fully acquainted with the real nature and scope of these, as the general public can never be, the achievement of last week seems hardly credible.

On the other hand, they have been no less alive to the great stakes at issue in the war. Few people are at all aware that the massacres of the birds are organized and conducted on a truly gigantic scale. M. Paul Saracin, at the eighth international congress of zoologists, calculated that three hundred millions of birds were annually butchered for millinery, and the view that these are mainly confined to egrets and birds of paradise is a mistaken one. The present writer recently paid a visit to the Cutler Street warehouses, and counted no fewer than eighty-four different species (nearly all Brazilian birds) in one show-case. Skins and plumes take up very little room, and more than a thousand can be packed into a single crate. There were fifty-two large rooms in the warehouses filled to the ceilings with these crates, containing a year's supply of the spoils of civilization—as pitiful an exhibition of the sheer imbecility of human crime, of its appalling destructiveness, and mean and futile ends as could be set upon so dreary a stage.

These dull boxes represented a coarse pillage of brilliant life which had taken the world uncountable centuries of toil, genius, and experiment to design and perfect. The numbers of individual birds yearly imported to satisfy the Neolithic passion for finery of the *demi-mondaine* and her respectable imitator are no less staggering. It took twenty-four men a fortnight to slay three hundred thousand albatrosses nesting on one island; thirty thousand birds is the trade figure for the annual import of bird of paradise skins in nuptial plumage; the value of nuptial egret plumage exported from Venezuela alone in one year was £77,837; one raid on the Hawaiian Reservations yielded 259,000 birds; 40,000 of the huge condor of the Andes (now next to extinction) were disposed of at one London sale; at another 159,000 of one species of kingfisher; at a third 51,200 of but one species of tern; 200,000 sea-birds met their fate when breeding on an island off Africa this year, while of the eighteen species of humming birds in Trinidad, thirteen have been exterminated. Sir

Harry Johnston recently published an account of how the rosy flamingoes, zealously protected for the guano industry, and as destroyers of noxious larvæ, were wiped out from the lakes of the East African interior; and the glossy starlings, bee-eaters, kingfishers, rollers, egrets, fly-catchers, drongos, trogons, guinea-fowls, francolins, swallows, shrikes, barbets, and others in his list which prey upon the tsetse fly, the gadflies, midges, sandflies, and ticks of tropical Africa, have been reduced in the same wholesale manner for the trade. New Zealand, whose bird population is of unique scientific interest, has been sacked from shore to shore except for one small colony.

These are only gobbets from the rapine, and pondering the hateful record makes one marvel how it is that the trade had not ended by exterminating itself, before the House of Commons could extinguish it. The simple reason is the size of the world. Natives are equipped with gins and firearms, and sent out to clear their districts of every bird in them; and so one area after another of the earth's surface is treated, new ones, prolific in bird-life, being opened up year by year. How effective this method is may be illustrated from the results of Mr. Stalker's expedition to New Guinea some years ago in search of the extremely rare Prince Rudolph's Bird of Paradise. Only three specimens were sighted, and yet twelve were seen shortly afterwards at the Houndsditch warehouses, ten of them being females and young birds, and worthless for trade purposes.

If these, in barest outline, are a few of the data, what of the principle involved in a traffic as barren of use and service as it is savage and merciless? The plumage trade is commercialism intensified and in miniature. If the raw material of its profits were babies' fingers instead of birds, to be wreathed about women's hats, the philosophy implicit in it would not be more monstrous than it is. Life, however excellent in itself and lovely and radiant, however essential to the maintenance of other life, exists to be defiled and trodden out in the advantage of personal gain and self-interest. In the period of its worst decline the House of Commons has slain this dragon, and in so doing founded an entirely new polity in our relations with the universe and advanced the camp of human evolution a little nearer to men's concepts of eternal justice. For it is not a little thing that the laws of a country, all but a handful of whose citizens have never seen, and never will see, the glory they have saved, should yet have achieved this deed of righteousness and imagination.

Let there be no doubt that a great victory has been won. All that remains is to keep a watchful eye upon the administration of the law and to see that it is carried out in the spirit for which the overwhelming majority in Parliament contended.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

It was a Friday morning in Downing Street, and the Prime Minister was employing his favorite devices of breakfast to fortify the faith of his stalwart followers, and of charm to recover such as wavered. When grace had been said, there was a moment's silence for the lighting of cigarettes; then, with an alluring smile, he remarked:—

"Do you know, gentlemen, I have thought of a new means of vivifying our spirits in these rather depressing times. You remember what I said the other day at Criccieth, while the mists were rising from the moun-

tains, and the Choral Union was rehearsing some music by Mendelssohn (German, I regret to say). It was reported in the 'Manchester Guardian' (which I always remember in my prayers because it has done me an injury) and in the 'Daily Herald' (a Labor organ, I am told). I requested the choir to switch off to hymn tunes, in which I heartily joined. And then I told them that during the darkest hours of the war and after, I was in the habit of singing those hymns, and should continue to sing them until Europe comes back to what it was before."

"And then," continued the Prime Minister, "I informed them that hymns recalled my boyhood days, when I was taught to sing tonic sol-fa by the blacksmith at Llanystumdwy (A happy touch! The democratic basis still!). The melody of Welsh hymns, I observed, tended to re-energize the soul, and it had done so for me. It was my custom, I continued, to sing Welsh tunes on the hearth at Downing Street (Ah! that sweet, domestic glimpse into the official mansion!). During the troublesome times of the war, those unsurpassable Welsh hymns had been balm to my wounded soul, and there was no better means to secure peace and goodwill on earth than by singing them. Now it has occurred to me that we might get a good deal of balm for our wounded souls, and secure lots of peace and goodwill, by singing hymns together once or twice a week; oftener if our wounds are very bad. We shall have to put up with English, I suppose, but if each of us selects a suitable hymn, we can practise in the interval. So, Dean Inge, what will you give us to re-energize our souls?"

"Well," said the Dean, "I could oblige with a considerable choice. 'O come and mourn with me awhile' would be appropriate; and I'm very fond of 'The world is very evil, The times are waxing late'; and I'm quite good at 'Day of wrath, O day of mourning,' and I find great comfort in 'Days and moments quickly flying Blend the living with the dead'."

"Excellent!" cried the Prime Minister. "Choose the jolliest! Now, Lord Chancellor, as Keeper of the King's Conscience, you should come next. I suggest something about 'Men may rise on stepping stones Of their dead selves to higher things'—you know; that little hymn of Longfellow's." (Mr. Fisher suppressed a groan.)

"I never heard of that," said Lord Birkenhead, "but there's an old hymn, 'The Ancient Law departs, And all its Terrors cease,' that will do for me."

"I can sing that," said Mr. Churchill. "We'll make a duet of it."

"No, Winston," said the Prime Minister; "you must sing:—

'Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.'"

"I think I'd be better at 'Onward, Christian soldiers,'" Mr. Churchill grumbled, "with 'Peace, perfect peace,' for encore."

"Now, do be satisfied," said the Prime Minister, "I'm keeping those for the Minister of War. Besides, the Labor Party might take it for the 'Red Flag,' and that would never do. Now, First Lord, you will, of course, give us 'For those in peril on the sea.'"

"Yes," said Lord Lee, "or else 'Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep'; the rhyme is 'asleep.'"

"I can sing both of those," said Mr. Churchill.

"No, Winston," said the Prime Minister, "you must stick to your own department. Lord Milner, may I suggest 'Christian, seek not yet repose'?"

"If you have no objection," Lord Milner replied, "I should prefer 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden'."

"And, Arthur," the Prime Minister continued, "what do you say to 'Art thou weary? Art thou languid?'"

But with head sunk on chest, Mr. Balfour answered with a sigh.

"For the Exchequer," the Prime Minister continued, "there's some line about 'Nothing in my hand I bring' that would be appropriate."

"True," answered Sir Robert Horne, "but perhaps 'Count your blessings, count your blessings, One by one, one by one; You'd be surprised —' and so on, you know; that might be more encouraging."

"I can sing that, too," said Mr. Churchill; "and it wouldn't take us long to count the blessings."

"Be quiet, Winston," cried the Prime Minister, "or you may soon be singing 'Brief life is here our portion.' Now, Austen, 'Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom' is obviously the thing for you."

"Have you anything in your mind, Fisher?" asked the Prime Minister.

"There is a happy land, *Far, far away*," with an emphasis on the 'far'," Mr. Fisher replied, in a tone of some despondency.

"First rate! We can all sing that!" cried the Prime Minister. "And for you, Herbert, there is, of course, 'Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me'."

"That's my preserve!" Mr. Churchill protested.

"Perhaps," Sir Herbert Samuel suggested, "as an alternative, you would allow 'Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.'"

"And for you, Smuts," the Prime Minister went on, "there's that sweet thing about 'Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand,' an obvious reference to Johannesburg."

"Now, Salisbury, you and your brothers may be counted upon for a trio, I suppose," said the Prime Minister; "what do you say to 'The Party's one foundation'?"

"Perhaps," Lord Salisbury answered, "I am more familiar with:—

'I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd.'"

"And I," said Lord Hugh, "can continue:—

'I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home.'

Or, if you like, I could sing 'Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed.'"

"And," said Lord Robert, "there is a hymn that much attracts me, with a verse that runs:—

'Could I but find some Cave unknown,
Where human foot had never trod,
Yet there I should not be alone' . . ."

"And now, Hamar, what for you?" the Prime Minister asked.

"Well," said Sir Hamar Greenwood, "there's a hymn by that fellow Chesterton which I think is suitable. One verse runs:—

'From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honor and the sword,
From sleep and deep damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!'"

"Charming!" said the Prime Minister; "and you, Craig, I suppose, will take:—

'Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?'"

"Yes, that would do well," answered Sir James Craig; "though we generally call them Amalekites."

"Now you are all suited," said the Prime Minister; "but I hardly know what to take for my solo. I thought of 'Lest we forget, lest we forget,' don't you know. But really, I'm not particularly anxious that we should remember."

"I'm rather good at that hymn," said Mr. Churchill.

"Perhaps it would be sufficient," the Prime Minister continued, without noticing the interruption, "if I led the chorus in 'Shall we gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river?' You know the confident answer: 'Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river.' That's easy, and just the thing to re-energize our souls. So mind you all practise well, and we'll have a rehearsal next week."

A "CARD" FROM PHILADELPHIA.

THE City of Philadelphia enjoys the knowledge of possessing the finest, or at any rate the most complete and expensive, publishing office in the world. This is the house of the Curtis Publishing Company, within whose walls, a stone's throw from the historic Independence Hall, are produced two magazines which, in the opinion of some who should know, are the scriptures of contemporary America. The governing force of the Curtis House was, until the other day, a trinity of highly typical Americans: Cyrus H. K. Curtis, creator of the concern and president of the company; George Horace Lorimer, to whom chiefly the Western continent is indebted for that astounding weekly the "Saturday Evening Post"; and Edward Bok, the presiding genius of a monthly no less astounding—the "Ladies' Home Journal," which at the moment of its editor's passing from the chair, in 1919, commanded a pleasant little sale of two million copies.

"Autobiographies take the cake," wrote William James, in a letter which almost registered a vow not to read anything else for the rest of his life. Certainly he should have lived to know the life-story of Edward Bok (Thornton Butterworth, 21s. net)—the autobiography of our time, we are told by Lord Northcliffe, who in his elderhood can compose, with lavish indifference, an introduction to Anglo-Saxon Beowulf or one for Dutch-American Bok. It is a tale, says this eminent authority, of romantic adventure; it is the record of a "constructional journalist." It is, he might have added but did not, the self-portrait of an American variant of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Card," without the engaging high spirits of Denry the audacious, but crossed with most of the traits which an older generation associated with Dr. Samuel Smiles.

Mr. Bok's family came from Holland, and his book is built round the amusing pretence that his life has been a pilgrimage in Americanization. But the most careless reader need not miss the point that no lessons in Americanism were ever needed by him. At the moment of landing in New York, as a small boy of six, he was It. In his Brooklyn school he started by refusing to reproduce the silly flourishes of his copybook, thereby, as he

believes, helping to kill the Corinthian style of American handwriting. He was still a small boy when he told a baker that his wares would look more enticing if seen through a less dirty pane, and the baker offered him a weekly wage of fifty cents for keeping it clean. Thereafter our little "card" in Brooklyn goes from strength to strength. He supplies glasses of ice-water at one cent to the parched excursionists on the cars bound for Coney Island, and then makes it three cents for lemonade. He writes up all the parties in Brooklyn for the local paper, being careful to squeeze in all the names. He composes potted biographies of American worthies and unworthies for the backs of cigarette cards, and employs his brother as devil at half the fee. He devises the folded theatre programme with advertisements—creates a magazine largely for the boosting of Henry Ward Beecher, his pastor and the supreme Brooklyn celebrity. And, much more exciting, he learns the game of stalking the great of two continents by an original piece of American nerve. Pitching upon a world-famous exploit, he would write and ask the hero how he did it, or invite him to say whether such and such an incident in the biographies happened as recorded. With one accord, of course, the great ones "fell for it." General Grant draws a sketch plan of the spot upon which Lee surrendered. Longfellow tells how he came to write "Excelsior." Tennyson discourses on "The Brook." Then comes a glorious week when the boy-hunter from Brooklyn bears down upon the Boston Brahmins in their homes; is handed from the Autocrat to Longfellow, to Phillips Brooks, even to Emerson—so pathetically far gone into mental darkness that you wonder how Louisa Alcott could thus betray her venerated friend.

And so it goes. In his early twenties Edward Bok is inventing fresh schemes of exploitation: showing the publishers how to advertise books; working out the enthralling possibilities of the syndicated article and New York Letter; "putting over" the national celebrities to a new and clamorous public; shaking the puritan communities of the interior by symposia on capital questions such as Should Clergymen Smoke?—in a word, exploring the great science of Publicity. And then, in his *annus mirabilis* 1889, our hero accepts from Mr. Cyrus Curtis the editorship of the "Ladies' Home Journal," which had already been carried by the energy of the proprietor's wife to a monthly circulation of 440,000.

The "Ladies' Home Journal" and its editor, united in a vast enterprise of business and piety, grew into a wild newspaper myth. Mr. Bok was assumed to possess a marvellous understanding of the mystery of femininity. What in truth he had was a shrewd sense of the fact that the American woman, in the myriad homes of an abounding new country, was stupendously ignorant and helpless, lonely and hungry; and—that she was a potential purchasing power of incalculable value to the manufacturer. Knowing this, the "constructional" editor set to work to make the "L. H. J." the American woman's inseparable companion. To do him justice, Mr. Bok had a vision of his magazine as the complete servant of the home, and he believed that no limit should be placed upon the technical excellence of its production. His monthly "features" provided the newspaper wits with inexhaustible copy. He proudly affirms that the writers of his "side talks" with girls and "heart-to-heart talks" with women were the most constantly ridiculed writers in the country.

But the average woman of America opened her heart to the editor of the "L. H. J." in an absolutely affrighting fashion. Mr. Bok's mother told him, when these

letters began (they swelled to a spate of one million a year), that he had no right to read them, and he acknowledged it. No sooner was he secure in his kingdom than he initiated a series of crusades, upon which, as we infer, the editor would wish his renown to depend. He opened a department of education for motherhood by correspondence. He employed architects to make model designs for the small house, and designers to show, by specimens of the good and bad, what was fitting for furniture and decoration; so that he may rightly claim a place of some prominence in that domestic renaissance which is one of the best things in present-day America. He went after the patent medicine. He held up to scorn a selection of "dirty cities." And, surprising beyond all else, he defied the most prudish and conservative body of readers in the world by running a course in sex instruction and discussing venereal disease, ten years almost before the fact of the plague was publicly admitted. But in more than one encounter the primitive woman was too much for her most-favored editor. He proved to her that she was being outrageously fooled by the exploiters of Paris fashions so called, and invited her to insist upon American styles; but here she would have none of him. He exposed the shocking traffic in "aigrettes," with the result that millions of American women learned of their beauty and went out to buy them. Or, as Thomas Paine very nearly said of Edmund Burke, they sported the plumage and forgot the dying bird.

Time and space would fail us to tell of the rest of the adventures of Edward Bok: how he tempted into the light of day his "Unknown Wives of Famous Men," and yet imposed the strictest anonymity upon Theodore Roosevelt himself; how Gladstone resisted his wiles, but was fain to yield when he saw the cheque earned by Mrs. Gladstone as a contributor to the "L. H. J."; how he snared Kate Greenaway in her garden at Hampstead, and preserved his American politeness in the face of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson's assurance that he did not know Lewis Carroll, but would venture to draw the strange editor's attention to a little treatise on Determinants; how Florence Nightingale sounded to him the masterful No which had terrified Victorian Ministers; and in what circumstances, connected with a Kipling manuscript, he lighted upon the infuriating device of running out a story or article among the advertisements on the back pages of the magazine.

Well, here is the pilgrimage of Edward Bok—the record of which, by the way, some few readers on both sides of the ocean will resent because in form it will seem to them rather impudently reminiscent of that masterpiece of American autobiography "The Education of Henry Adams." This, as we have indicated, is American enough. It is, as Roosevelt would have said, American and nothing else. A William James would doubtless proclaim (see his fascinating letters on the American character and destiny) that the world would be very foolish not to take full account of what this thing signifies to-day and will signify for civilization to-morrow—the mingling of simplicity and pushfulness, piety and publicity, cordiality and ruthlessness, wrapped in an enfolding cloud of sentimentality, which is the modern American. As we part from Mr. Bok—and he is an entertaining companion—it is with a rather positive feeling on at any rate two points: first, that an Englishman with a similar story would almost certainly reveal himself as a human being markedly inferior to (perhaps one may say commoner than) the American; and secondly, that his handling of his mother tongue would as certainly make a poor showing by the side of the good, plain English which a rough training in Brooklyn gave Edward Bok the power to write.

Letters to the Editor.

WANTED—AN INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH DEPARTMENT.

SIR,—I am glad to see that THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, in its article "The Return to Low Wages," urges the need for "a Midlothian campaign for industrial standards." The Liberal Party could render no greater service to the country than such a campaign for the reform of industry, for the progressive substitution of service for selfishness, of co-operation for conflict, for a real approach to equality of opportunity, and a more just distribution of the product of industry.

Are Liberals in a position to conduct such a campaign effectively? Have we the necessary knowledge? It is futile to call for results without showing how they are to be obtained, and it is better at once to face the fact that the Liberal Party has not fully realized the immense complexity of industry and the need for hard constructive thinking before real progress can be made.

Take one simple example: it will be agreed that any industrial system that can be accepted must guarantee both a fair standard of life and constant employment, or maintenance when involuntarily unemployed, to every worker. Effective machinery in the form of Trade Boards was introduced by the Liberal Government to prevent sweating. The Coalition is now abandoning Trade Boards, as the Minister of Labor is afraid that the high wages which result from them cause unemployment. Is this true? If so, to what extent? Are the two Liberal ideals of good wages and no unemployment incompatible? If not, what are the best steps to keep up wages in the worst organized industries, and yet not to cause unemployment?

Such questions are not among the most difficult to answer in industrial politics, but I do not think anybody will assert that Liberals have studied them sufficiently to give authoritative advice to the country. Unemployment is not so much as mentioned in the Paisley programme.

Industries are more and more realizing the need for research on the technical side. The cotton industry alone is spending, collectively, £50,000 a year on its research institution, and will soon have fifty experts at work. Are there to-day in the whole of the United Kingdom fifty people in all, whether at the Universities or elsewhere, engaged in research into the human side of industry? It is only just beginning to be realized that the human relations in industry are at least as complicated and difficult as, and rapidly becoming far more important than, the technical questions. Would it not be possible for the Liberal Party to found an Industrial Research Department with a staff of first-class ability devoted to the continual study of the manifold and ever-changing problems of industry? This would provide what we need most—knowledge. And with knowledge, the Liberal Party would be in a position to produce a practical constructive policy for the application of the Liberal principles of freedom and equality in industry. Then would be the time for a fruitful "Midlothian" campaign.—Yours, &c.,

E. D. SIMON.

20, Mount Street, Manchester. June 20th, 1921.

IRISHWOMEN AND RAIDS.

SIR,—“Ten armed Englishmen against an Irishman in his shirt!” was Dean Swift's summary of the manner in which England made war on Irish nationality in his day.

“Lorries of fully armed English soldiers against Irishwomen in their nightgowns” would probably be the Dean's description had he lived under the present Hamaresque régime.

As the circumstances of my own arrest last October afford a good illustration of the Government's intention to terrorize and insult, I will give the details as briefly as possible.

I live at the far end of Achill Island, and could have been arrested there any day in the daylight or, more conveniently still, at Westport, where I had spent the day

previous to my arrest attending the meeting of the Board of Guardians, of which I have the honor of being chairman. Yet though the house in which I live had been previously twice raided, and the papers on which I was arrested for a fortnight in the hands of the authorities, 3.30 (summer time) in the morning was selected as the most suitable time for a lorry full of military from Westport to surround the house and arrest me.

Awakened by loud knocking at the front door, I jumped from bed, and opening the window asked who was there, and was told “Military!” I asked what they wanted, and the answer was, “To get in. Open!” I asked for a few moments to dress myself, and the reply came, “No! Open at once!”—with renewed battering at the door. In these wild regions it is a real disaster to have the door broken in, so throwing a cloak round me I descended and opened the door. Military and police entered, and I was told I was arrested and must go with them. I asked where and how, and was told to Westport (forty miles by road) in an open lorry which was waiting outside.

I said I supposed I could now go upstairs and dress myself, and was told “Yes; certainly,” by the officer in charge. The police sergeant, however, followed me upstairs into my bedroom. I asked whether he wanted anything, and he replied that he must stay there. I said he could not, as I had to dress. He replied he was obliged to keep me under observation from the moment I was arrested. I said I had been refused time before opening the door and must have a few moments now. He again refused to stir, so after a second's thought I said: “Very well. Under those circumstances I won't dress. I shall go as I am—in my nightgown.” This was a prospect which the sergeant, being a local man, could not well face, so after some muttering and grumbling he finally retired to the landing, and I closed the door and dressed. I was then taken away in the dark for the forty-mile drive to Westport in an open lorry, and that there was no need for hurry was proved by the fact that I spent the day drifting from barracks to barracks, and dusk was falling when we finally left Claremorris for another ride through the dark to Galway Gaol.

Lest there should be any doubt that deliberate insult was intended, a fourth and most extraordinary raid took place two days after I was lodged in Galway Gaol. The military on this occasion were landed from a destroyer which anchored outside Keel Harbor, and the proceedings are the more remarkable in that a brigadier-general from Galway accompanied this raiding party, though he did not enter the houses searched.

The officer, having ascertained which was my bedroom, went up, and, taking all my clothes out of the chest of drawers and boxes, flung everything on the floor and trampled on them. Anything in the way of *lingerie* or light stuff he flung into the fireplace. My boots and shoes he “playfully” threw out of the window for the soldiers surrounding the house to catch. Having “captured” an Irish poplin tie in the Sinn Féin colors, he tied this with much pomp beneath the Union Jack, which two of the soldiers were carrying at the top of a long pole. The officer then announced that if anything further “seditious” were found he would adopt summary measures, and would erect a gallows on the green outside and round-up the whole village to see the execution.

I was subsequently tried by court-martial and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for possessing documents relating to “unlawful associations.”

And now, in the recent elections, Ireland (outside the six Northern counties) has declared, with an unparalleled unanimity, that these Sinn Féin associations—for support of which we were imprisoned—have the full support and approval of the Irish nation.—Yours, &c.,

ANITA MACMAHON.

Keel, Achill Island. June 11th, 1921.

P.S.—I should perhaps have mentioned that no “outrage” had taken place in Achill, no shot had been fired, or barracks burned. The only agitation was of a passivist character. This was, however, not taken into account when our Co-operative manager was arrested for possession of revolvers which he considered he needed, as his duties required him to carry large sums of money about him sometimes. He got three years' penal servitude.

"THE ENTENTE OF THE INTELLECTUALS."

SIR,—The reception of Einstein in England is indeed a welcome sign of our emergence from the insane period when learned bodies removed their German members. Mr. Gosse vowed never to reread Goethe, Sir Herbert Stephen wrote to the leading organ that "it would be disagreeable to have the same time here as in Germany," and a German-speaking witness was told by the magistrate to learn a language worth speaking. But as regards the change of heart in Germany itself, are you not generalizing on too narrow a basis when you deduce it from the attitude of two German Jews? [We did not.—ED., NATION AND ATHENÆUM.] When in a recent work I tried to show that through the Christian era it is the Jews who have exhibited the Christian temperament, the reviewers fell foul of me as though I had nailed up some fantastic thesis *à la* Houston Chamberlain. Yet in Einstein and Rathenau we have what Bacon calls an "ostensive instance" of my thesis. And both have had to suffer for their Jewishness. Last year the Society of German Scientists, "for the protection of abstract science," announced that ten public meetings would be held "in self-protection" and to "expose" Einstein. The meetings fizzled out after the first, but Einstein's sympathy with the projected Jewish University in Jerusalem is based upon his sense of the difficult position of Jews, whether as professors or students, at the German universities, and it is therefore a pleasant irony that through Einstein the German language and "the entente of the intellectuals" should have been publicly restored both in the United States and in England.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Far End, East Preston, Sussex.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE 'NINETIES."

SIR,—Many will agree with Mr. Middleton Murry that

"Lovely are the curves of the white owl sleeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one lone star. . . ."

is a false picture. But it is his own, and not Meredith's, who wrote:—

"Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star. . . ."

Again, Mr. Lewis Hind's mention of Spenser's "Epithalamion" becomes in Mr. Murry's references the "Prothalamion." Small points, no doubt, but trenchancy without accuracy is a weapon with a very blunt edge.—Yours, &c.,

G. W. L.

June 19th, 1921.

SIR,—Mr. Murry's article suggests that he believes "Love in the Valley" to have been written when Meredith was an old man. In fact, the first version appeared in 1851, and the final one in 1878.

As to the literary merits of the poem, I say nothing—only the Comic Spirit itself could do justice to Henry James calling anyone "bourgeois"—but surely Mr. Murry need not parody Meredith's visual sensibility by misquoting "curves of the white owl sleeping." Let the democrat up and blame the poor printer—quick!—Yours, &c.,

F. G. NUTT.

South Hampstead, N.W. 3.

[It is only justice to Mr. Murry to mention that he did not see a proof of his article.—ED., NATION AND ATHENÆUM.]

"A PREMATURE PIONEER."

SIR,—Those whose interest is aroused in the schemes of John Bellers, as outlined in his proposals for establishing a "Colledge of Industry," will find an excellent account of him in William Charles Braithwaite's recent volume,

"Second Period of Quakerism," where some twenty-five pages are devoted to his life and work.

His proposals, as a matter of fact, did materialize both at Bristol, where a "workhouse" was established in 1690, and in Clerkenwell, where in 1701 accommodation was found for thirty poor Friends, and later for children. For many years the place succeeded (amid much petty internal friction), and finally became, on its educational side, the parent of the Islington Road School, from which the present Friends' Boarding School at Saffron Walden derives descent.

I am informed, by the way, that the entire stock of Headley Brothers' reprint of Bellers's scheme is now in the hands of the Friends' Bookshop, 140, Bishopsgate, price 3d. by post.—Yours, &c.,

HUBERT W. PEET.

174, Venner Road, Sydenham, S.E. 26.

THE MINERS' CHILDREN FUND.

THE Editor acknowledges, with many thanks, receipt of £5 from "J. and B. R." for the Miners' Children Fund. The amount has been sent on to Mr. Lansbury.

[We are obliged to hold over till next week an important letter from Mrs. Toynbee on the Greek Massacres at Yalova.—ED., NATION AND ATHENÆUM.]

Poetry.

THE FOREST.

AMONG the golden groves when June walketh there
I go to find old loves in the haunted air,
And with the humble bee down the ancient rides
I pause whene'er I see where my honey hides.

But scarcely do I heed the small welcome moss
Or time's secrets read or pore on pit and fosse,
Or kindle at blooms I knew not before,
Though twayblade haunt the glooms and strange
hellebore.

The pheasant crows anear, I lift not my head;
Wildcats race in fear—as well flee the dead!
Oaks breathe and pines sigh, and all for praise,
And yet my soul divines little that each says:

But the whole wood moves again and again
Memory of old loves, perfect joy of pain;
Without words I've found the hid world at last
In the wood deeps drowned, after so long past:

Not my first delight, the sweet Kentish girl,
Once ever in my sight, but O! gone in the whirl
Of time's broken stream, till I cannot guess
Her smile or primrose gleam of new loveliness:

Not my childhood's bliss, in greenwoods to go
Where great snakes might hiss, so high reeds did grow,
And from early day till eve trembling crept,
Pioneers to stray where the black ponds slept:

But the rich hours chance gave, where drouthy with war
I left him to rave on his ridges not far,
And lay in a green shade of Aveluy Wood
And with those hours allayed the fever in the blood;

Not a leaf regarding, but one with the wood's soul,
All my thoughts discarding—refreshed thence and whole
I went to live or die, and five years are flown,
But not till now was I with the woods again alone.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

A FRUITFUL topic of discussion in the City this week has been Mr. McKenna's speech on "International Debts," his review of the economic dangers of the present Reparations policy, and his suggestions of alternatives. But, on the whole, City opinion is more inclined to be grateful for the lucidity of his speech than to commit itself one way or another on his proposals.

Stock markets have fallen into a deeper apathy than ever, and most brokers might well be taking their summer holidays. The result of the miners' ballot surprised, disappointed, and puzzled the markets, with the effect that the disinclination to do any business at all spread and developed. The only financial prospect which, it seems, may be taken to be tolerably certain is that the Government will be driven to finance themselves to an increasing extent by inflationary methods. For the past month or two the business man and the investor have taken the view that only good investment stocks possess a reasonably good chance of holding their ground. Public taste in this direction has been only too abundantly catered for by a veritable flood of high-class new issues, which have been, for the most part, absorbed with remarkable avidity. But every appetite is sated sooner or later; and now it appears that for the moment the public have had about as much as they can stand of the flood of gilt-edged and semi-gilt-edged issues. A lull in the process is indicated. As the Bank rate has gone down to-day, it may produce some stirring of the market's dry-bones. But it has been too long delayed, and comes in such circumstances that no electrical effect can be expected. On the whole, "stick to investment stocks" is a motto not yet to be abandoned by the cautious investor.

SOME ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRIALS.

Nevertheless, those who believe in the quick approach of buoyant conditions—and how often in the past have stock markets swung from one extreme of sentiment to another!—may well spend the time in these dull days studying some sound industrial shares in companies well fortified against a continuance of bad days and also in a position to benefit from good times. For mixing with investment stock holdings it is worth while at this juncture to consider the merits of such shares as, for instance, those of Callender's Cable & Construction Company. These shares at present yield a round 10 per cent., and the Company is in a strong financial position. I also incline to the view that the ordinary shares of W. T. Henley are an attractive holding. Lyons ordinary shares are also worthy of attention, while there are some good judges who fancy the ordinary shares of Siemens Brothers, which at the last dividend rate and present price offer a yield of 14 per cent. The 10 per cent. preference shares of this Company are also a sound investment in their class. Having put forward this selection for consideration, I must repeat that to bank upon the maintenance of recent dividends by industrial concerns is, generally speaking, excessively rash; and that to plunge deep into industrial securities these days is far too risky for the moderate investor. But there is no reason why those who have fortified their position by investing chiefly in finely secured stuff should not lay themselves out just to a modest extent to catch the benefit of a possible industrial revival. But this "laying out" requires very careful thought.

TRUST COMPANIES' SHARES.

Now that the slump in ordinary industrial shares has come with a vengeance the holders of ordinary stocks in investment trust companies may congratulate themselves that they retained their holdings. In the midst of the boom it may have been tantalizing to feel that they might have made much more money by capital appreciation in some industrial investment, but those who pinned their faith to this class of investment are now being rewarded. Compared with pre-war results, owing to the much larger income-tax, the revenue accounts of these companies are apt to look rather meagre, but as the dividends are paid less tax the amount available is sufficient in the case of the majority

of well-managed trusts to distribute a larger dividend. If nothing very spectacular has been achieved, most of the companies are now in a stronger position than they were before the war; their reserves have been strengthened, their investments written down, and the margin of undistributed income increased. This year, as well as last year, the Mercantile Investment & General—one of the biggest—has increased its dividend by 1 per cent., and quite recently the Investment Trust Corporation announced a similar increase in its distribution. Trust companies played an important part in the financing of the war. In the shape of foreign, and particularly American, securities they held a substantial portion of that "war treasure" built up by the investment of capital abroad, which proved so potent an instrument of war-finance. On the whole, there is reason for saying that a well-selected list of investments should contain at least some holding in a good trust company, and the attractions of their shares at the present time may well be considered. With a very dubious financial future before us they provide a means of spreading one's risk over a large number of well-chosen investments. The chief things to note in choosing a company are the *personnel* of the directorate and management—are they connected with companies that have done well and prospered in the past?—the conservative treatment of revenue, and the comparison between market value and book value of the investments. The thrifty Scot has been remarkably successful in this sphere, and some companies whose shares are quoted only in Edinburgh are worth considering, though this may not appeal to English investors. The debentures and preference issues of these companies, as is the case with all fixed-interest-bearing securities, suffered severe depreciation during the war years, but the level they have now reached gives a yield of from 6½ to over 7 per cent. for the preferences and slightly less for the debentures, so with cheaper money in view they are attractive where a well-secured and steady dividend-payer is required.

HOW RECENT ISSUES HAVE FARED.

It may be of interest to investors to compare the fortunes of recent new issues in the market. The following table gives a selection, with redemption terms, issue price, latest market quotation, and yield:—

Name of Issue and Rate of Interest.	Terms of Redemption.	Issue Price.	Price June 22, 1921.	Yield including profit on redemption, in final year. £ s. d.
Govt. of India 7½%	At par 1930-40	par	2 pm.	6 16 3
Sudan Govt. 5½%	At 105 by ann. dwgs., commencing Nov. 1, 1929	92	92	5 19 6+
Ceylon Govt. 6%	At par 1936-51	97	1½ pm.	6 3 6
South Australia 6½%	At par 1930-40	par	1½ dis.	6 12 9
Tasmania 6½%	At par 1930-40	par	1½ dis.	6 12 0
Norwegian 6%	1924-64	88	1½ dis.	6 19 0
Glasgow 5½%	At par 1935-50	92	1½ pm.	6 1 0
Sheffield 5½%	At par 1935-50	92	par-½ pm.	6 0 9
Melbourne Board of Works 6½%	At par 1932	99	3½ dis.	6 13 0
Auckland 6½%	At par 1942	par	105	6 1 0
Cunard Steamship 7%	At par 1941	90	10 pm.	7 0 0
Lipton 9% Cum. Pref. £1	—	par	1/- dis.	9 12 0
Lever Brothers 7%	At par 1931-41	92½	87	8 7 6
Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss 8% Cum. Pref. £1	—	par	3d. pm.	7 17 6
Brunner Mond 7½% Cum. Pref.	—	par	1½d. pm.	7 9 3
Mond Nickel 8%	At 104 1926-41	98	4-5 pm.	7 19 0
Dunlop Rubber 8%	At 105 1928-40	96	96	8 14 0
Cape Explosives 7½%	At par 1925-44	95	1½ pm.	7 19 0
British Oxygen 8%	At par 1930-45	96	45-54 pm.	7 18 3
Baldwin's 7½% Debts.	At par 1931-50	95	3-2½ dis.	8 13 0

Some new issues which have, at the time of issue, been heavily oversubscribed, have not maintained a premium on the market, when quoted. In fact, "stags" have been active. In other words, the rapid success of many new issues has induced many people to subscribe with the idea not of taking up the stock, but of selling quickly, if the stock went to a premium.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

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The World of Books.

LITERATURE is a good servant, but a priggish and pontifical master, and as a cult can be as bad as spiritualism or psycho-analysis. Where it becomes a priestcraft, it gratuitously supplies the Philistine with his only sound justification. I am personally interested in anthologies, and so, like my fellows in liking, have had to put up with much theoretic pedagogy and self-righteous Calvinism. One of the worst of the theories is that an anthology is a selection of the very best poems of a period or periods, of the poems which everybody knows and tries in vain (thanks to the theory) to forget in order that the passage of years may recapture the vernal joys of first acquaintance. There is nothing about "best" in the derivation of the word, which simply means picking flowers, not *La France* and *Gloire de Dijon*. For official reading, it is a puzzle to know what more we want than our Palgrave, but the bureaucrats have had it all their own way; the stock goods go on being stocked, and the reader is doomed to carry to his grave the opening lines of the "Hymn Before Sunrise":—

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!"

THAT is why Archbishop Trench's "Household Book of English Poetry" (1868) will outlast the baldness of my crown. There are no pomps about it; it is as surprising and roguish and hither and thither in its choice as a chit of nineteen, and the good prelate invites a swarm of "yonge fresshe folk" into the cathedral close who are very disagreeable to the churchwardens. Dromio is a fine young fellow, but we do not seek an endless brotherhood of Dromios such as the anthologies force upon us, and here is an early anonymous poem out of Trench which is not reduplicated to weariness:—

"The lowest trees have tops; the ant her gall;
The fly her spleen; the little sparks their heat;
The slender hairs cast shadows, though but small;
And bees have stings, although they be not great.
Seas have their surges, so have shallow springs;
And love is love, in beggars as in kings."

Then there are things like Alexander Hume's "The Story of a Summer Day," which you will not meet again in a twelvemonth:—

"The time so tranquil is and still,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
The air of peeping wind."

And so on for thirty-two stanzas, as green and rare as Ben Jonson's "Underwood," into which the Archbishop trespassed like a schoolboy.

* * *

WHATEVER the orthodox say, there are graces to be enjoyed in England outside a motor-car, and many of those places have no names. There is a poem called "True Loveliness" in the volume which ends:—

"My earthly comforter, whose love
So indefeasible might be,
That when my spirit wonned (dwelt) above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy."

And others whose signposts are no longer legible—Wastell's "Like as the damask rose you see," Ben Jonson's "True Growth," Herrick's "God Unsearchable," Marvell's "Eyes and Tears," Bishop King's "The Dirge," Herbert's "The Flower," the Earl of Bristol's "Separation" ("Grieve not, dear love, although we often part"), and other village Hampdens of their kidney. Trench includes Vaughan's "The Rainbow," which contains the electric phrase "The youthful world's gray fathers," almost as fine as "Bright shoots of everlastingness." Campbell pilfered this for his "Rainbow," and ingeniously saved investigation by remarking of his original, "He is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit." Another wasteland spray we owe to Trench is Thomas James's noble and masterly "Epitaph on Companions Left Behind in the Northern Seas," published in Harris's Voyages, and written at the graves of his comrades in the Arctic. Another of the eighteenth century is Michael Bruce's "Ode to the Cuckoo," which John Logan ghoulishly plundered from him and signed with his own name, and which Wordsworth turned to as good account as he did Vaughan.

* * *

THEN there is Ambrose Phillips's gay and elegant "To Miss Georgiana Carteret," and though William Hamilton's "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride," is now blest by the pundits, it is a pleasure to meet it in Trench, because it is Hamilton's only flower among the crop of weeds he industriously planted, and, to my mind, a better poem than either of Wordsworth's Yarrowes. In the middle of last century John Clare was less familiar to reading folk than the Laureate Pye, but here is "The Thrush's Nest," and here is Hunt's "The Grasshopper and the Cricket":—

"O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine;"

and here Ebenezer Elliott's "Spring," to prove that he could and did write of streams which "talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run," and Cullen Bryant's "To a Waterfowl":—

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

and very little of the uxorious Patmore, temptation of the anthologist, and many others "not quite so fair" as the larger luminaries, but less tiresomely obtruded by the bookmakers and their fry.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

THE ADDER HUNT.

THERE is sport in hunting adders if we go the right way. Hunting them to the death with a stick is no sport. You get the adder nearly every time that way. One touch with the stick breaks its back and all is over. It is a deed of sufficient prowess to give a Prime Minister an annual paragraph; some may deem it a necessary act, like the killing of slugs or caterpillars, but there is no thrill in it.

It is mechanically almost as easy to catch a retreating adder by the tail as to hit it with a stick. It is, to all intents and purposes, as safe, yet, because of the possibility of a bite, some screwing up of courage is needed to make one face the task. When the opportunity presents itself, there are commonly only seconds allowed for decision and execution. The nicest adder of the year may be flowing away like the last grain of sand from an hour-glass, there may be just the right time for a precise stoop as easy as the picking up of a lady's fan, yet the betting is more than two to one on the adder.

Two of our young people were out after cowslips when they ran into a perfect orgy of adders. It was a very secluded corner of a field where the sun pours down all day long on a good bank, and whither the farmer comes scarcely once in a month, a congregating place for adders in the spring, where they peel off the winter slough and come out in new coats for the mating. These were deliberate adders, showing themselves for several minutes after the first alarm, and making off but slowly and at several stages through the rough fore-thicket into the hedge. There were two, we were gravely informed, that stood up and fought one another while the girls looked at them. There were three skins lying about where the snakes had hitched them before pulling themselves out of them, and when a young lady picked up one of them, the late owner, till then unseen, made off within a few inches. Most of the adders seen were described as "brown" or "brownish-green," but one stood brightly out from the rest in a shiny, silvery blue.

There is so much variety in the coloring of adders that some people claim at least two and sometimes three or four species in our country. Mr. Hudson describes a pair that he used to watch in the New Forest, the female, with the zigzag "inky-black on a straw-colored ground"; the male, with the ground color "a beautiful copper red, the handsomest red adder I have ever seen." Yes, the red adder is a beautiful creature, so is the one whose pattern is stamped on a cool ash-grey, so is the one done all in warm brown, and the one that runs into olive greens; but we had never seen a blue one, and so we went quickly to the corner of the cowslip field where it had been reported.

Several of the adders were still there. The others matched the brown fallen leaves about the hedgerow, and were apparently not much the brighter for having peeled off their slough, but one stood out startlingly among them all and amid its surroundings; it was the "blue" one. It was at once blue and yellow and yet not green, a very fresh French grey with a lot of Chinese white in it, but more luminous than white pigment could make it. It would fade into ash, no doubt, when the new skin had seen a few days' sunshine. We wanted badly to take this adder home and photograph it, but by a series of mishaps we failed to catch it. We took instead an ordinary individual, and only one of the whole family, carrying it home in the camp kettle that had boiled our tea. It was not a clean capture, rather by way of a bit of poaching, for we scraped it into the field with a stick before picking it up and dropping it into the kettle. When we took it back to the tea-table someone said, "There is another on your macintosh." We shook it out, and a snake flew floating through the air at the lady who had spoken. What a fright she got! It was a skin we had forgotten in the excitement of catching a more solid one.

There is a good place for adders in a high clearing in the wood, where marjoram and basil clothe the ground,

and here and there the warm, red soil has been heaped into ant-hills. The grass is quite short on the ant-hills, and often worn through to the red, and adders love to bask on these peaks, whence at the alarm they slide off into the long grass. It is not so good a place early in the year as the select corners of especial sunniness where the vipers meet for the spring revel before departing to the summer hunting-ground. And we are forestalled by a picnic party who report having disturbed two snakes, one of them "orange and black," a truly desirable red adder. Hard by this place is a young larch wood enclosed with rabbit-wire, and rarely entered even by the gamekeeper. The dry grass is nearly knee-deep, matted in the tops and full of tunnels beneath, in which snakes can travel without showing any sign of movement. The wood is bisected by a ruined wall, here and there clambered with blackberry brambles. Certainly this must be a haunt of vipers.

There is a large slowworm on a tuft of grass, or almost in it, only a pair of coils visible. It would make a third in a photograph with grass-snake and viper, but it just escapes us because we mistake head for tail, and it takes the unexpected direction into the impenetrable sea of grass. Then on the flat top of the wall itself, spread carelessly like a whip that someone has tossed there, lies basking a large, elegant adder of undoubted blue. No trace of apricot as with the blue one of the cowslip field. It is the clear blue of the sword, or of almost open sky among storm clouds, and on it, following every careless curve, is the unvarying viper pattern done in black. Now ought we to have the camera for the heat-absorbing, blue-lichened stone of the wall and the crisp-scaled, basking reptile sucking life and poison from the sun. It is a poor substitute to take the basker from its cheery grid, tuck it in a bag and take it home for portraiture apart from its true home. Yet the deed is contemplated. There is nowhere to fling the snake where it will not at once blot into the impenetrable grass. Yet its capture is simplicity itself. Just to take it by the tail, lift it straight, and drop it in the bag. That can always be done when we see the quarry before it sees us, and when it is not coiled for the defence of its tail. The story fails in the case of this very desirable blue viper. The nerve of the hunter refuses. Even the unconscious whip inspires too much respect. A safer method as regards the soft flesh of the hunter is tried. It proves safer for the hunted. There must be a return match.

G. G. D.

Reviews.

A HEAD MASTER'S SURVEY OF POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

✓ **Twenty Years: Being a Study in the Development of the Party System between 1815 and 1835.** By CYRIL ALINGTON, Head Master of Eton. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an unexpected and unusual kind of book, and therefore one it is pleasant to lay hands on. Dr. Alington is a modest author, even disclaiming that "original research," whatever that may mean, which nowadays seems to count for more than "mother wit," and goes so far as to admit that his reading has been confined to the "more obvious authorities."

But when all is said and done, and our homage has been paid to "original research" and labor among "the archives," what makes a book either profitable or entertaining is the author's "point of view." How does he regard his subject? We suppose this is what Renan meant when he wrote: "The beauty of a work lies in the philosophy it contains."

Dr. Alington's philosophy is the philosophy of tolerance, and as his political period covers the years between 1815 and 1835, and thus includes the Royal dukes, the Bathursts and Broughams, and many other "creeping things," it must be admitted that this philosophy of his is tried severely, but it stands the test. Experience has taught the Head

Master of Eton the truth that too much should not be demanded of human nature. He has to tell us of eight Administrations, how they came into existence, and of what ingredients they were composed, but he never loses his temper with them; and bids us follow his example, adding, with a rare stroke of almost Swiftian satire, that we shall be well employed in studying the actions of these politicians (*circa* 1815-1835), "because it is very certain, thanks to the beneficent working of a not wholly inscrutable Providence, that we shall look upon their like again." We probably shall, or upon even worse, but the relief thus afforded is not great.

Dr. Alington has cunningly invented a method to dissipate that insipidity which otherwise his universal tolerance and willingness "to suffer fools gladly" must have generated in the breasts of his readers. This he has done by invoking the aid of a race of men whom he calls "cynics," but whose opinions he none the less cites with freedom and frequency. A "cynic" says "this," and a "cynic" says "that," and the outspoken judgments of these gentlemen upon the characters, and sometimes the intelligence, of our author's *dramatis personæ* afford a safety-valve for his readers' pent-up emotions. But for these "cynics" there might have been explosions.

The main purpose of this book is to trace the development of the party system between 1815 and 1835. The reader must judge for himself whether this process of development has been made plain to him. We have found it difficult to follow. Dr. Alington quotes Sir William Anson's almost classical definition of the basis of party government:—

"A broad and intelligible difference of opinion, views of home and foreign policy, of two distinct sorts, each of which might be held, and was strongly held, by honest and capable men."

These sad differences of opinion are, we suppose, what are called "principles." Every difference of opinion is, happily, not a difference of principle, and we have therefore to begin making distinctions from the very first. A Jacobite who believed in Divine right and passive obedience differed "in principle" from a Hanoverian Whig. A good Anglican Churchman of to-day differs "in principle" from an Erastian on the model of the late Sir William Harcourt. Religious education and secular education are, we can well believe, matters of principle. But rotten boroughs, and even Catholic Emancipation, could hardly ever have been so described, though Burke, Canning, and Croker tried to raise the first to the rank of a principle, and Lord Eldon would have had us believe that the sun of English greatness would set for ever were a Papist admitted to any office. But to distinguish between principle and the mere prejudices of stupid and wrong-headed men is very difficult, particularly as stupid men are as plentiful as blackberries in August, and wrong-headed ones are often men of genius and eloquence.

We must condescend to particulars. During Dr. Alington's period there were seven Prime Ministers—Liverpool, Canning, Goderich, Wellington, Grey, Melbourne, and Sir Robert Peel; and after their time the country has seen at the head of divers Administrations Russell, Palmerston, Derby, Aberdeen, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Salisbury. What were the "principles" of these fourteen noblemen and gentlemen, or to put the same question in another way, What was there they would not have done if hard pressed? That there were such things we feel sure, but what were they?

The Duke of Wellington is the easiest of them all to handle. He hated, *cum animo*, civil war and bloodshed, and he believed in the maintenance of the Throne—a faith he was able both to profess and to hold, although he considered George IV. the wickedest man he had ever known, and heartily despised his successor. The Duke hated Catholic Emancipation and Reform, yet he passed the former, and would have done the same for the latter had not Peel hung back. But for all that, we are sure that Wellington would never willingly have paved the way to civil war or made himself responsible for a measure abolishing the Throne, for these two things were his "principles." Lord Salisbury hated "Free Education," yet he passed it into law, without believing or professing to believe in it. He had the foresight to perceive that to confer Local Self-Government upon Ireland without at the same time settling the

Home Rule dispute was an even more dangerous policy than Home Rule, yet he passed a complete measure of Local Government for Ireland—so that now we see three-quarters of "administrative Ireland" in the lawful possession of Sinn Feiners. We infer from this that Free Education and Irish Local Government, however bad in themselves and baleful in their probable consequences, were not matters of "principle" with Lord Salisbury.

Anybody who has paid any attention to our political affairs from 1885 to 1914 would have thought that the refusal of Irish Home Rule, meaning by that phrase the setting-up in Ireland of a separate Parliament with an Executive responsible to it, was a matter of "principle" with Mr. Balfour, Mr. Long, and Mr. Chamberlain, but now we know otherwise.

How can anyone, lost in that maze of principles so readily abandoned, of prejudices so easily overcome, of policies which dissolve before men's eyes like the moving pictures, of "views" which become "prospects," and of the passion for office, discern any clear dividing line between two parties, each holding strongly and honestly irreconcilable opinions?

Dr. Alington, who seems to be a sound Liberal, expresses the opinion that fundamentally the party of progress was right, and the other party wrong, and that the real service rendered by the latter, for which the country owes it a debt of gratitude, was that played by our old metaphorical friend, the clog on the wheel. But "clogs" are not "principles." Besides, the *post mortem* on the British Empire may yet show that this by no means "primrose path" of progress led to the everlasting bonfire, as Canning and Croker, Carlyle and Froude foretold it would. The end is not yet! Catholic Emancipation and the extension of the franchise have obviously not settled the Irish question or increased the good name of Parliaments, though their passage into law may have averted or postponed civil disorder.

Are we then frankly to admit that politics should be opportunist, and that if a policy is, or appears to be, "inevitable," it does not matter what are, or were, the "principles" of the men who give effect to the "inevitable"? Is, for example, the sanctity of private property a principle like Divine right or passive obedience, or is it only an "arrangement" that may yet go out of date?

But party government without "principles" is a sloppy affair. Voltaire said that if there was no God you must invent one. Unless some new principles are invented we must for the future be content with Coalition Governments. But if we do invent new principles, we should be ready, for a session or two, at all events, to stick to them, even though it compels us to vote against the Government of the day.

Dr. Alington has written an interesting and thought-provoking book, but it is one that leaves a plain man a little at a loss to know whether perpetually "dishing the Whigs," and stealing your stage rivals' thunder, are practices that commend themselves to the Head Master of Eton as fit occupations for the manhood of his pupils.

A. B.

HUMANISM OR CONSERVATISM?

A New England Group and Others. By PAUL ELMER MORE. (Boston, Mass.: Houghton Mifflin. 2 dols.)

SINCE half the pleasure of meeting a good critic is the opportunity of criticizing him, it is well to declare one's opinion dogmatically at the outset, before the process of reservation has begun. To one who has read a few of Mr. More's collections of essays the very thought of girding up one's loins to meet him is exhilarating. That, I think, is the test of a good critic. The majority of literary essayists leave one with the weary sense that it is impossible to meet them at all. Their minds are like quicksands; no thought is steadily maintained, no word bears the same meaning twice.

Mr. More's mind is firm, and the subject matter of this last volume of *Shelburne Essays* is such that the bony structure of it is more than ordinarily apparent. For the first paper, on "The Poetry of Early New England," is

concerned with a material which to the eye of the critic looking primarily for literature is non-existent. Not only are Mr. More's learning and taste good enough to warrant that he would have produced the poetry of the place and period if any was to be found, but he is perfectly candid about the deficiency himself. There is no early New England poetry. On the other hand, there is some verse, sheer doggerel for the most part, in which the mind of early New England expressed itself.

Mr. More is interested in that mind, not because he is an American—in that case he would hardly succeed in interesting us in that mind as he does—but because he is a humanist. It is a mind that has made its contribution to the spiritual history of the world; it has helped directly to shape the material history of the world; it is an avenue always possible to the spirit of man. And as Mr. More studies its development from these early religious versifiers, through Jonathan Edwards and Emerson and Charles Eliot Norton, to its final condition in the "sentimental nihilism" of Henry Adams, we can see that, though it is always in a sense an impoverished and truncated mind, it bears within itself very complex potentialities. (In passing, Mr. More's analysis suggests that we shall never have a really adequate examination of Henry James's mysterious failure until his work is treated as the expression of a culminating phase of the New England mind.) The "coming out," which was the origin of New England and America itself, is an instinct perpetually recurrent, and liable to recur in circumstances outwardly very different from those which first gave it shape. Fundamentally—and to be fundamental is, of course, to be uncharitable—it is an anti-social emphasis upon the individual. Jonathan Edwards "came out" in very much the same way as the pilgrims of the "Mayflower." A pure theological and religious dogmatism found itself in conflict with the unconscious humanism of his congregation, who dimly felt that "the sabbath was made for man." Emerson "came out" from the Unitarians for a belief far less rigid than Edwards's, but one that was equally anti-social. Henry Adams came out from everything in pursuit of some private illumination which he never obtained.

Mr. More rightly points out that "the course of Puritan emancipation led in the end to an individualism and a trust in sheer unrestrained spontaneity which are in many ways akin to the temper of the European (romantic) revolt." But there was, he thinks, a great difference between them:—

"There remained this striking and fundamental distinction: the spontaneity and individualism of the romantic movement on the Continent went with a dissolution of character against which the Puritan mind, so long as it held true to its origin, was impreguably fortified. Emersonianism may be defined as romanticism rooted in Puritan divinity."

This leads us straight to the peculiar quality of Mr. More's criticism. Mr. More believes in character. So do I. But the conception of character is one that needs to be applied with the utmost care to literature. And I think that his use of the conception in this passage shows that he is trying to mix oil and vinegar.

To pit Emerson against the great European romantics on the score of character is to assert, by implication, that the only character worth troubling about is the Puritan character. This is surely wrong in fact; it would, I think, be more nearly true to say that of all varieties of moral integrity the Puritan is the least significant and the least humane. It is a harmony not of comprehensiveness, but of impoverishment. But the more immediately important point is that the standard of Puritan integrity is utterly irrelevant in judging the great figures of European romanticism, or great writers of any epoch. Many of the greatest European romantics were genuinely heroic, as all really great writers have to be. Stendhal, Baudelaire, Hugo himself, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche—to deny these men character, and character in a very high sense of the word indeed, is to deprive the conception of character of any valuable meaning. All these men had, and had very positively, one necessary component of great character, the sense of the problem of evil and pain. That very thing, as Mr. More acknowledges, Emerson totally lacked. The effect he makes upon us, therefore, is of a man not grown up. The Europeans are, at least, grown up. They may be extravagant,

they may be perverse; but they assuredly belong to the mature European mind.

The truth, as I see it, is that the conception of character is very necessary indeed to the criticism of literature. But the character of a great writer, lacking which he cannot be a great writer, has to the character of ordinary social morality a relation not of identity, not even of close similarity, but only of analogy. Mr. More, like Mr. Babbitt, another truly distinguished American critic, is continually forgetting this, and treating the analogy as an identity. Too often they make it easy for the childish exponents of art for art's sake to point to a Verlaine or a Villon as an argument for the absence of character in a considerable writer. The antithesis is a false one. The simple fact is that a great writer must have character, because without it he cannot perform supremely one of the great natural functions of the human mind. To do this demands, first, the capacity to see life steadily and see it whole, and, second, the resolution and devotion necessary to communicate this vision through the written word. If true and comprehensive vision and self-forgotten courage do not together make up character, they make up something finer than character; and it is foolish and unprofitable to turn upon a man in whom these elements visibly co-exist and attempt to measure him with the foot-rule of the character that is a purely social virtue.

For it is obvious that a man who attempts to include all life within his vision, burking nothing, and devotes himself to the difficult and even dangerous task of constructing a vehicle of words for his vision, is likely to run up against most of the current conceptions of social virtue. Since when have truth and expediency been identical for the social man? To declare that they are, as Mr. More really does, may mean one of two things. It may mean that he, like Malvolio, thinks highly of the human soul, and believes that it always does a man good to have the truth declared to him, and that they deserve most highly of the State who devote their lives to declaring it. Or it may mean that the pursuit and the declaration and the consumption of the truth must be regulated according to some avowed or concealed ethical standard.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. More sways unsteadily between these two opposed convictions. Sometimes the morality which he looks for in the writer and his writings is that sublimation of the spiritual part of man which is contained in the Greek ideal of the contemplative life. Every great writer has a morality of this high order. To distinguish and elucidate it is one of the central functions of criticism. But there are other times when we see Mr. More hunting for the social morality of the good citizen in places where it is not to be found and lamenting because it is not there. It seems to me, for instance, almost ridiculous to listen to a literary critic deploring the dissolution of character which (on his own account) accompanied the romantic movement in Europe. As if the dissolution of character was any greater among literary men, or society as a whole, in the first thirty years of the nineteenth century than at any period of the eighteenth! But the difficulty of echoing Mr. More's lamentation here is as nothing compared to the difficulty of echoing his regret at the departure of the Oxford that existed before the reforms of the 'fifties and the 'seventies. Apparently Mr. More has persuaded himself that unreformed and celibate Oxford was the home of plain living and high thinking, and he becomes very elegiac and eloquent about it:—

"If the college as an institution is to retain any value above the shop and the market place, if the pursuit of scholarship as an end in itself is to offer any satisfaction for the finer spirits of man, then, in some way, those studies must be restored to authority which give zest and significance to the inner life of the soul; and at the centre of that life, binding all its interests into one, lifting them above the grosser forms of utility, irradiating them with joy, must be the idea of God."

One would hardly believe he was advocating a return to pre-reform Oxford in language such as this.

What it amounts to, I fear, is that Mr. More is suffering the fate that seems to be inevitable in a scholar whose lot lies in America. He is becoming a romantic conservative. It is a very hard and a very unfair penalty to pay for being a student of Greek literature in a country where the

humanities have never had a home at all. Mr. More looks to old Oxford as the natural home of the theoretic life. It is not that, or rather it is that in a very peculiar way. It is the home of the humanities because every year a number of young men at their most ardent and impressionable age have to read a good deal of Plato and Aristotle, and the effect upon the minds of some of them is lasting. It is not because of its conservatism that Oxford is precious, but because of what it conserves—namely, the great school of *Litteræ Humaniores*.

Mr. More himself is a far finer scholar, a better writer, a more serious critic than most English men of letters who have been through that school, but he has not wholly learned what some of them learn unconsciously, that the Greek ideal is not a dogma, but truly an ideal. It is the form in which the human mind most naturally and most economically works, one that will adapt itself naturally to a content of wider range than that with which the Greek filled it. Above all, it is not a conservative habit of mind. It is a habit of mind which seeks for the truth and then tries to put a human valuation on it. But it looks for the truth first. It distinguishes between distinguishables, between the "character" of a philosopher and that of a citizen, for example; nor would it, as Mr. More does, bracket Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Gilbert Cannan together as the possessors of similarly "bleared minds."

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT.

The Russian Workers' Republic. By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)

My Reminiscences of the Russian Revolution. By M. PHILIPS PRICE. (Allen & Unwin. 18s. net.)

THE final impression left upon us by these two books, each strikingly unlike the other in construction and atmosphere, is of catching a glimpse, through a dense mist of propaganda and prejudice, of a gigantic experiment being conducted in another and a distant world by a handful of pitiless, ascetic scientists upon the body of a sick society. The impression of experiment and of the fanatical purity of motive in the experimenters is stronger in Mr. Brailsford's book than in Mr. Price's. Whenever Mr. Brailsford publishes a new book, he makes us wonder how he can possibly be such a good journalist as he undoubtedly is. The secret of journalism, particularly of political journalism, seems to be to glide gracefully or to stamp heavily, in a thousand or fifteen hundred words, over the surface of twenty-four hours or a week. Mr. Brailsford has, of course, great literary skill, he has all the verbal grace necessary for the fifteen-hundred-word glide, and, when necessary, he can stamp as heavily upon the crimes and follies of statesmen as the most impressive daily leader-writer. Where, however, he differs so remarkably from almost all other political journalists is in his persistent refusal to remain upon the surface of things.

His present book is largely compounded of articles which have appeared in the Press describing the two months which he spent in Russia during the autumn of 1920, but its outlook is far more that of the historian than of the journalist. His interest appears to be not in the controversies of Bolshevism and anti-Bolshevism, or even in the superficial struggle between Capitalism and Socialism, but in the social experiment, unprecedented in daring and size, which is now being tried in Russia. If his view be the correct one, the nature of this experiment and the essential facts in the Russian situation are different from what either side in the Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik controversy usually represents them to be. In his ninth chapter Mr. Brailsford definitely asks himself the question whether the Russian Revolution is a constructive and creative movement or merely destructive. In reality the whole of his book is written round that question. The destruction is there for all to see, and is admitted by him. But he brings out more clearly than any other writer on Russia whom we have read the creative work which the Communists are attempting. It is not so much an economic as an educational experiment. It is founded, no

doubt, upon an economic revolution. When Mr. Price, on November 9th, 1917, walked into the Smolny Institute and saw the Mensheviks packing up and Lenin moving in, he was watching the beginning of the economic revolution, the destruction of a capitalist system and the foundation of a Socialist State. The Bolsheviks had thrown a large stone into the economic life and system of Russia and Europe, and the effects are still very visible; and just as, if you throw a stone into a pond, there is no defined and consistent course in the agitation which follows, but the water rises and falls and ebbs and flows for a long time until at last a new stability asserts itself, so, too, there is a continual ebb and flow in the economic effects of the revolution, now in the direction of extreme Socialism or Communism and now again towards a compromise with Capitalism. It is around this superficial ebb and flow that Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik have concentrated their controversies. According to Mr. Brailsford, however, the Russian Communists have a constructive and creative vision, the essence of which is to use the economic revolution only as a means to something else. That something else is an educated, cultured, energetic community such as does not exist and has never existed in the world. Mr. Brailsford thus sums up his view of the Communists' aim: "It is, in a land where a feeble and dilatory civilization had touched as yet only a minute minority of a gifted population, a great and heroic attempt to shorten the dragging march of time, to bring culture to a whole nation, and to make a co-operative society where a predatory despotism, in the act of suicide, had prepared the general ruin." This conclusion will naturally be vehemently denied by anti-Bolsheviks, and the whole question of Russia is so befogged by lies and prejudice that no impartial person will accept any conclusion with confidence. But Mr. Brailsford's book cannot be dismissed as an *ex parte* statement. It contains facts in abundance upon which he bases his conclusions. And he is not a witness who sees all the roses on one side and the thorns on the other. His criticism of the Communists, particularly with regard to the dictatorship, the terror, and the bureaucracy, is as severe as their most violent opponents could wish for.

Mr. Price's book is more the book of a partisan. But it is a very interesting account by a not unprejudiced eyewitness of the whole course of the revolution. Its great merit is that it allows us to catch a glimpse of how the revolution shaped itself at various periods outside the two large towns, Petrograd and Moscow.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SCOTTISH VERSE.

A St. Andrews Anthology of Scottish Verse. Selected, Arranged, and Edited by Mrs. ALEXANDER LAWSON and ALEXANDER LAWSON. (Black. 7s. 6d.)

THE Scot, at once complacent and patriotic, is not the most amiable of God's creatures. On the whole, of the three kingdoms unequally yoked together, our brother the bull carries his patriotism best. Englishmen have not often written of England and written ill, not even that unconscious humorist who achieved for his novel the incomparable title "Where England Sets Her Feet." From Shakespeare's "fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land" to Brooke's

"If I should die, think only this of me
That there's one corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England,"

the tradition is of excellence. For the Irishman, he escapes hanging on this count, not because of irresistible grace, but because it is historically impossible for him to be at once patriotic and complacent. Sentimental perhaps; bitter, certainly, either romantically like Thomas Moore, or with the *sarva indignatio* unquiet still—for how should there be peace for Swift?—beneath the pavement of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Moreover, patriotism aside, complacency is not the mood of creation. "O that 'twere possible" is better lyric than "I have led her home."

Professor Lawson has a bias for patriotic poetry and a theory of poetic inspiration; and these two between them

have beggared his anthology. "Living Scottish literature emerges when true love of Scottish independence has shown itself. . . . It is fostered by this patriotic ardor as it glows from age to age." Now, living Scottish literature emerges when Gavin Douglas meditated his translation of the *Æneid* on an evening in June, and noted the stars shining dim in the clearness of the summer night and the still flights of the birds: in the melancholy clangor of

"Quhat els is lyf but ane straucht wey to deid?"

in that "ane blenk" when Cresseide raised her eyes to Troilus at the gate. "There are no time nor countries nor languages in the kingdom of poetry." It is true, to quote another critic, himself a Scot, that "the Scottish Lion has ramped very bravely in his tressure"; but when it comes to roaring, it were better left to Nick Bottom. And this is not to defame Scottish poetry, but to make room, even by displacement, for its uncrowned royalty. Scottish literature, at its greatest, is the language of loss: a lost cause, a lost land, a lost love. And once at least these three fused, and made an immortality for a forgotten Jacobite, dead fighting in the Rhineland in 1692.

"It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand.
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land."

"Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain.
My love and native land, farewell,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main."

"He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore.
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
Adieu for evermore."

"The soldier frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main.
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again."

"When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep."

Burns edited it, and one suspects his hand in the last two verses: but the first three are among the greatest things in Scottish letters. One looks in vain for them here. There is not a Jacobite song in the book, barring the Neo-Jacobitism of Andrew Lang. There is Stevenson's "Spae-wife" instead of

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,"
a poem on "Edinburgh Castle" instead of

"O gin I were where Gawdie rins,"

"Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen" instead of

"Had we never loved sae kindly."

Which is to say that Professor Lawson has compiled a right anthology; for the whole pleasure of anthologies stands in two special points, the quarrel with what is left in, and complaint of what is left out. Nevertheless there is Allan Cunningham's

"The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he,"

and this, savoring so much more of the Middle Ages than of the century of George Buchanan's humanism:—

"I bid no mair of you
But God grant you His bliss.
God be als blyth of you
Als I wald be of this
Your lillie lippis to kiss,"

and this fragment of four lines from "A Lammermuir Lilt":—

"Happy's the crow that builds
Her nest in Trotten Shaw,
And drinks o' the Water o' Dye,
For nae mair may I."

Let these redeem their brethren.

LIMELIGHT ON LIMEHOUSE.

Whispering Windows. By THOMAS BURKE. (Grant Richards. 8s. 6d. net.)

The Outer Circle. By THOMAS BURKE. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Books are like children; it is only when they grow up and the world has got used to them that they substantially reward the father of their being—or find him out. Unfortunately for Mr. Burke, it is the latter. "Whispering Windows" is the work of an author who has got to the bottom of his inkpot where there is more deposit than liquid. Like "Limehouse Nights" and the others, it is a collection of short tales of riverside London, especially Chinatown, with its hybrid, clamorous, flashy, vengeful, and bloody-minded population of suave and cruel Chinamen, "copper's narks," boxers, prostitutes, thieves, pothouse-keepers and Thugs of every hue. Mr. Burke has quite overtly exploited the East End for the purpose of telling Grand Guignol stories, and he has a right to ask of us that we should judge him by their quality rather than their truth to life. The truth about "Whispering Windows" is that there is so little quality that we begin to suspect "Limehouse Nights" and their kin of a plausible substitute for quality which dazzled and titillated our senses without securing them against the weariness which all false excitement brings. Mr. Burke professes to deal with Life, and the more raucous and violent, the more Life; his real concern is with a mechanism, an electric battery to be tested solely by the effect of the shocks to our physical system. Every author, of course, writes for a public, but there is all the difference in the world between communicating an emotion and a sensation, the weight of the first being on the substance of the art itself, of the other on the reader's reception of it. Art, that is to say, works with a pair of tools, Mr. Burke with one, and it does not matter much what it is made of, how it is made, and by what method it shapes to its office, provided that it can stimulate our neurons.

"The Outer Circle" is a collection of impressionist sketches of Tottenham, Woolwich, Barking, Clapham, Hackney, Walthamstow, Stratford, Ilford, and other London suburbs in Mr. Burke's picaresque manner. They are lively, talkative, clever, and, in spite of the author's besetting weakness of glorifying the drab, the vulgar, and the commonplace for the sake of color and effect, contain some miscellaneous knowledge of interest. But here again Mr. Burke is thinking too much about us and too little about his material; he has failed to learn the cardinal lesson of art as well as golf—to keep your eye on the object. Here is an illustration. While at Tottenham, Mr. Burke was annoyed to find a cinema film version of one of his tales in which the producer was advertised at the expense of the author. Thence he is led to a suggestion that publishers who do not filch the author's name should come into line with the world of theatres and cinemas, and proclaim themselves thus:—

"Coming shortly! The Art and Crafty Press's Remarkable Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Never has the A. & C. covered such a wide range of human interest in one book. Here are observation, humor, sharp character-drawing, brilliant dialogue. The A. & C. has at last produced the perfect biography. The A. & C. is indebted to some slight extent to a rough manuscript by J. Boswell, and they have here shown what great artists can do with slender material."

These random transitions are characteristic of Mr. Burke's loose methods of putting his machine together, but more significant is the nemesis upon his general attitude to the art of writing. He constantly sacrifices the reality to the effect, with the result that the outraged reality at last asserts itself and the effect dwindles to nothing. For the quotation is not a parody, but a transcript of how some publishers actually do advertise their wares. Mr. Burke is of the type of author who will never trust to the natural pace of life; he must use whip and spur, and in the end—a quicker end than the rider imagines—the horse founders.

SKIN-DEEP.

Remarkable Rogues: the Careers of some Notable Criminals of Europe and America. By CHARLES KINGSTON. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. KINGSTON'S book really is an example of sensational literature. We use the word "sensational" in the low sense; "merely sensational" is what we mean. For Mr. Kingston had a very good opportunity of showing us what sorts of people become criminals, thus throwing light on the question that must have vexed every intelligent, respectable man: Why am I not a criminal? Mr. Kingston has roamed widely both in space and time to collect his subjects, and he has secured some which are, we should say, very instructive. But the value of an exhibit depends very largely on the classificatory scheme in which it is ranged, and Mr. Kingston's classification is the most perfunctory imaginable. As he conducts us round his chamber of horrors he points to each figure in the same mechanical way, and says in the same mechanical voice: "Evil heart; diseased brain." This sort of thing really will not do—now. Even before the war we read "Erewhon"; the war itself, however, has illuminated morality so remarkably that Mr. Kingston's formula makes the same meaningless patter on our ear-drums as do those other formulæ, "unsound," "unpatriotic," "subversive," in which men describe what they do not like. Not that we are so debased as to suggest that Mr. Kingston should like his criminals; we merely wish to suggest that he ought to have made some little effort to understand them. He exhibits them as being just monsters. What we should like to know is what elements in ourselves are more highly developed in these people. We may agree that Gesina Gottfried, a German girl who poisoned a dozen or more people, was a real monster. She murdered so easily; she poisoned one woman to avoid paying back £5 she owed her, and Gesina was pretty well off at the time. Even on our current morality that seems a high price; it would mean a thousand lives for £5,000, and we suppose that oil wells seldom cost that. But it is merely subversive of our present civilization for Mr. Kingston to try to persuade us that Martha Kupfer was a monster. She obtained thousands of pounds from rich people during the war by persuading them to invest in an illegal method of getting food from Denmark; the only remarkable point about her was that she had no food stocks in Denmark at all. She paid the interest she promised out of the capital of fresh dupes. But she did not, in fact, exploit the necessity of the hungry poor in Germany, since she had no food to smuggle in. There is no reason to suppose that she would not have swindled the poor like any other profiteer if she had had the goods; as it was, she had to confine her operations to the rich, and, naturally, they sent her to prison.

The greatest and most successful of all criminal careers, however, was perhaps that of Adam Worth. He served in the American Civil War, and emerged from that experience with very definite notions on morality and the nature of society. He was a perfectly cool and courageous man, and withal exceedingly clever. He became a great artist, the head of a wonderful combination. Everything he attempted succeeded. He stole from banks, treasure trains, diamond waggons. His plans were perfect, every detail allowed for. The quality of his imagination is shown in the following incident. One of his gang was arrested. Worth determined to get him out on bail, and then to get him out of the country. But a householder of good reputation was required to offer bail, and Worth knew no such person. Messrs. Agnew were exhibiting a famous Gainsborough at the time, and it occurred to Worth that the Messrs. Agnew were thoroughly respectable householders. He decided, therefore, to steal the Gainsborough and offer it back on the condition that Messrs. Agnew offered bail for his man. He stole the Gainsborough with his usual perfect ease, but he did not offer it back for twenty-six years, since a technical flaw in the prosecution caused his man to be released. This genius acquired about twenty thousand pounds a year for forty years; he was a devoted husband and father, he never betrayed a friend, and he never com-

mitted an act of violence. Even Mr. Kingston mutters his formula in a very half-hearted way over this career. But although we think Mr. Kingston's formula too loose, he has not given us sufficient information for us to suggest an alternative. The motives of these people, their attitude towards life and how they acquired it—these things are passed over. We are given simply their deeds. This makes the book interesting, but not instructive.

Foreign Literature.

THE CONSULATE, EMPIRE, AND RESTORATION.

Histoire de France Contemporaine. Tome III. par G. PARISSET. Tome IV. par S. CHARLÉTY. (Paris: Hachette. 30 fr. each.)

THE series of volumes on modern French history which is appearing under the erudite editorship of M. Ernest Lavisse proceeds according to a well-considered plan. Not without qualms is one confronted by a book of over four hundred pages about Napoleon. Will it be all diplomacy and slaughter tricked out with speculations as to what would have happened if the Austrians had not weakened their centre; if Oudinot had not done this, if Bernadotte had done that? We sigh with relief to find that M. Pariset has relegated foreign and military affairs to a final section entitled "Le Système Continental," and enlarged instead on the Civil Code and the social and industrial activities of the reign. Thus he lays bare the foundations of modern France, whereas the glittering superstructure has vanished. M. Charléty's difficulties vary in their nature from M. Pariset's, since with the exception of the Hundred Days, which he cuts uncommonly short, he has only the Duc d'Angoulême's promenade in Spain and the capture of Algiers to deal with in the way of external adventure. Still it needs some literary skill to invest with interest, as he has, a period in which darkness was on the face of the deep, and the incursion of Chateaubriand alone relieved its political mediocrity.

M. Pariset's idea of Napoleon would seem to be much the same as Clarendon's of Cromwell: "a brave, wicked man." He does not go so far, however, as to say that Napoleon was guilty of many crimes against which "damnation is denounced and hell fire is prepared," since crudities of that kind are not to French taste. But he does convict the Emperor, if not the First Consul, of having used the French nation as an instrument for his own glory, of placing liberty under the heel of authority, and of enslaving the nations under the pretext of granting them freedom. M. Pariset's attack on Napoleon's foreign policy is trenchant. "Depuis qu'il est arrivé au pouvoir," we read, "Napoléon a toujours tourné dans le même cercle: faire la paix, profiter de la paix pour accroître son gain, et provoquer ainsi une nouvelle guerre." Our recent experiences, unhappily, have taught us that the drawing up of peace articles fails to close hermetically the temple of Janus. After the Treaty of Amiens the British Government juggled with Malta; the Treaty of Tilsit was only a temporary hypnotization of the Tsar Alexander, and, throughout, would Napoleon ever have been safe in trusting Metternich? His horizon became more distant as the years went on. At first safe frontiers contented him, with buffer satrapies to fend off hostile combinations. Then he aimed at ascendancy, and so threw himself into the steppes and snows of Russia. It is to misread history, however, to suppose that Moscow was the goal from the outset. Napoleon, too, was fond of playing with vast schemes without meaning them in his inner heart. The expedition to the Euphrates, the conquest of India, the exploits in South America were intellectual playthings rather than a serious colonial policy. He never understood maritime warfare, yet his attempt to blockade England produced the economic distress (M. Pariset has a most valuable chapter on the point) that, combined with the loss of man-power, brought about his downfall.

So much may fairly be set down in extenuation of the blood and tears that Napoleon inflicted on Europe. His rule withal was materialist, insincere, and vulgar. Under the rigid censorship the national poet was the classicist Delille, while Chateaubriand and Mme. de Staël were thrown into a literary Opposition; art had its pompous David, the theatre its sonorous Talma—a characteristic figure oddly ignored by M. Pariset—and architecture found in Percier, Fontaine, and others supreme exponents of the decorative and grandiose. The magnificent perspective from the Arc de Triomphe led the eye along to Napoleon's Court with its display heaped on display. As his nature hardened, the taste for ceremonial grew upon him. The Consular household was essentially *bourgeois* and not above going for hints in manners to members of the old aristocracy, but after the establishment of the Empire the new nobility grew apace with its marshal dukes of outlandish titles, and after the Austrian marriage the Court reverted more and more to the blue blood and oppressive splendors of the days of Louis XIV.

"Un Gouvernement comme le nôtre," said the First Consul, "a besoin, pour se consolider, d'éblouir et d'étonner." It was a cynical maxim of statecraft, and a costly one for France. The premises being assumed, Napoleon carried out his scheme of national regeneration with a brain of the highest organizing power that has been granted to mortal man. The Concordat reconciled the Church with the State on lines of Italian subtlety, and the Civil Code made things safe for the "haves" if it ignored the "have-nots." The Emperor's exact share in that comprehensive document has been disputed, the only evidence being that he used to burst in on the Council of State and lecture it on matrimony and the family. None the less we may be certain that his penetrating vision scrutinized every article, and he certainly interpreted the Code to suit his desires. When he discovered that juries took to acquitting prisoners—a most improper proceeding—juries were appointed by the prefects. In the same spirit commerce and trades were wisely regulated, but in order that they might be taxed, and the working man could not move without his *liçret*, so that the State could lay hands on him at will. Yet, though he crushed down opposition, his authority rested on bases less secure than at this distance of time we are apt to appreciate. Some of the so-called conspiracies against him were, no doubt, the inventions of Fouché, the phlegmatic Breton whom he never quite tamed, but those of Georges Cadoudal and Malet were genuine enough. And so we get the double system of police, the spies, and the hunt after suspects among the upper classes coinciding with the hunt after conscripts in the lower. Every man has his own Napoleon, but it takes a perverse imagination to conceive him other than terrible.

The theory that at the first Restoration the Allies imposed the Bourbons on France has been a useful party polemic, but it may be safely discarded. As a fact, the Tsar Alexander, still toying with Liberalism, wished the country to pick its own ruler, his personal wishes being for Bernadotte. Others favored Napoleon II. Talleyrand had his man ready, and so Louis XVIII., fat, lazy, and cunning, crawled on to the throne, only to evacuate it with more speed than dignity when Napoleon landed from Elba. At the second Restoration Fouché's commitments with the Orleanists were thwarted by the unexpected energy displayed by the King, who came into Paris at the heels of the Allied soldiers. The Government thus established had no roots. It existed chiefly because Louis XVIII., like our own Charles II., had no mind to go on his travels again, and chose Ministers who, whatever their private sentiments, had too much sense to repeal the Charter. Cowardice was displayed in dealing with the "White Terror" of the South, an explosion of local hatreds; and luck rather than ability defeated the widespread military "Charbonnerie" of 1821 and 1822, with the "four sergeants of La Rochelle" as its martyrs-in-chief. But the high clericalism of Joseph de Maistre was not translated into action, and La Bourdonnaie's amiable desires for "des fers, des bourreaux, des supplices" remained unsatisfied. Even after Louis XVIII., becoming fatter, lazier, and ill, had capitulated to Monsieur, and Monsieur had ascended the throne as Charles X., militant reaction was slow to raise its head. When it did, the choice of the

flighty Polignac as Premier was a confession of political bankruptcy as complete as the late Tsar's selection of the eccentric Protopopov. But though the Republicans made the Revolution, they did not profit by it. "Nous n'étions pas en force" confessed Cavaignac, and the Orleanists, with Thiers as a propagandist of incomparable lucidity, jockeyed them out of power. It is all rather flat, but that is not M. Charléty's fault.

LL. S.

Books in Brief.

An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English. By ERNEST WEEKLEY. (Murray. £2 2s.)

BROWNING and others have found reading dictionaries as pleasant as reading any other form of literature, but they were unlucky in not meeting with Professor Weekley's present work. It is more than a dictionary; it is a criticism of life, letters, and the rest as well. The fine and deep scholarship which informs it all is combined in an inimitable way with a lively wit unique in the solemn assizes of lexicography. Professor Weekley, ranging for his authorities from Bede to Bottomley, has not denied "civic rights" to many words never before admitted to them, and the fact means that his dictionary really does come home "to the bosoms and business of men." Now he gives the versemen a shrewd nip ("Maris . . . commonly coupled by poets with merle, blackbird"), now the bibliophiles ("Facetiae, in booksellers' catalogues now usu. of obscene books, a long way removed from 'merie words or deedes without dishonestie, merie conceites with a pleasant grace'"). *Jingo* finds him in form, with an instance from Mr. Bottomley: "I am, if you like, a Jingo, a word which, by the way, I was the first person ever to write—at the dictation of my late uncle, George Jacob Holyoake." These things enliven every page. The romance of words, in all senses, was never put so clearly. He does not waste words. Whereas the "New English Dictionary" (to which Professor Weekley acknowledges everyone's debt) defines *kiss* as "to press or touch with the lips (at the same time compressing and then separating them), in token of affection or greeting, or as an act of reverence," his version begins "verb." Those anxious to have details of the loosestrife or rampion will be cut short with "plant"; and those who are interested in camembert will find it described as "cheese," and cheese as "food." On the other hand, it would be impossible by one or two quotations to indicate the richness of the etymological explanations. Without niggling over such pin-points as the admission of "Jack Johnson" and the exclusion of "pip-squeak," we are extraordinarily grateful for this brilliant work.

* * *

And the Kaiser Abdicates. By S. MILES BOUTON. (New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Milford. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. BOUTON, who as an American journalist saw a great deal of the German Revolution, is worried because he believes the idea of Internationalism is making tremendous strides. Its progress is not obvious to all, but Mr. Bouton seems to be aware of it, "deploring it though one may." Its conception was in Germany, and it was its growth, not the armies of the Allies, that overthrew the Kaiser and his props. The author's account of the Revolution from the Armistice to to-day is a careful and impartial summary of events, and the usefulness of the volume is in this. He blames the continuance of the blockade after the German surrender and the Versailles Treaty for the troubled state of the world to-day. The Treaty would have been a vicious one in any circumstances, but with the world conditions what they were "it will hasten and aggravate what the world will soon discover to be the most serious, vital, and revolutionary consequence of the war. . . . The proletarians have learned their strength. A new era is dawning. That era will be marked by an Internationalism whose character and extent will depend upon the wisdom with

which the masters of the world administer the affairs of their peoples. And the question which every man should ask himself to-day is: Shall this Internationalism be Red or White?" Mr. Bouton's picture of what the Whites have done for Europe is so little enticing that the Internationalism with a Red label no longer terrifies.

* * *

Life of Venizelos. By S. B. CHESTER. (Constable. 21s. net.)

MR. CHESTER's book is of interest chiefly to students of the confusing history of the Balkans. As a biography it will not prove attractive to everybody, for while it must be granted that only a man of outstanding talent and resourcefulness could have made his name familiar, as Venizelos has done, in every country in Europe, yet his biographer has not been able to make convincing that greatness of mind and character which we are assured the Greek statesman possesses. Of his personal ability there is no question. President Wilson is said to have placed him first among all the Peace delegates in Paris in 1919. Half of Mr. Chester's book is taken up with the Cretan struggle. In the latter part the author takes too much for granted that Venizelos's policy was always guided by the truest wisdom. There is no hint of the tyranny of the Venizelist régime during 1920, and Mr. Chester expresses surprise at the result of the elections in November last. His only comment is: "The fickleness of the electorate, its blindness in the presence of great issues, was manifested in the amazing somersault which thrust from office the maker of modern Greece, and replaced at the head of the State a King identified with the former enemy movement."

* * *

The Defeat in the Victory. By GEORGE D. HERRON. (Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR HERRON during the war never doubted that it would issue in a world redeemed—"in a high and happy transmutation of the whole relational life of man"—and now he is heavy-hearted. He has not awakened to a suspicion that the nations are reaping what they sowed. Maybe, he had not thought out the situation thoroughly from 1914 to 1918 when he believed salvation could be won by way of starvation and poison gas; but he does see that the breaking of German militarism has not made a new world. His book is a protest against the betrayal at Paris. Worse than the material wrongs the Peace delegates were guilty of was their destruction of "what remained of popular faith in existing social control or political authority." The charge of hypocrisy against President Wilson, Mr. Herron dismisses: his faults were mental faults, not faults of insincerity or deliberate deviation from the end he had in view. The President was betrayed by the Allies. Everyone who wishes and hopes for a renaissance of ideas and ideals in the government of the world will sympathize with Mr. Herron in his disappointment; but he has written better books than this.

* * *

The Age of Power. By J. RILEY, B.Sc. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 4s. net.)

STUDENTS in secondary and continuation schools, and even in the upper standards of elementary schools, will have no difficulty in following Mr. Riley's simple exposition of the elements of a difficult science. In explaining what is meant by energy, and its sources, transformations, and uses, he makes no assumption of previous knowledge in the reader, is never too abstract, and is always ready with a concrete illustration of the employment of power in modern industry. In conclusion, he discusses, so far as present knowledge permits, the problem of tapping sources of cosmic energy. He is not enthusiastically optimistic, since he regards the difficulties of experiment as preventing our holding high hope of success on a practical scale. In the meantime there are neglected means of utilizing power without the reckless waste of coal, for instance, which takes place at present. Mr. Riley indicates briefly such lines of development as the establishment of large central power stations, the use of peat and liquid fuels, and the systematic exploitation of water-power.

From the Publishers' Table.

THERE are indications that the pamphlet, on whatever subject, is coming into its own once more, and if this is so, the fact should be welcome to book-lovers. A pamphlet has but little pretension, and in consequence is more likely to please than to disappoint. It requires no literary solemnity, and prevents a valuable point from being lost in words. For some time past we have noticed fresh instances of this random and agreeable literature. There is in particular a prospect of an interesting Somerset series. The question with such publications is not "Who'll buy?" for there are enthusiasts enough, provided that the subject is good, the price not fanciful, and the pamphlet not ignored by the Press. Witness the innumerable bound-up volumes of pamphlets which book-hunters encounter.

* * *

As an instance of the pamphlet which can scarcely fail to be sought for, we might mention Sir George Newman's "John Keats: Apothecary and Poet," printed by T. Booth, Sheffield, one shilling. The amount of plain statement, sincere pride, and specialist information in this little work forms an excellent contrast with much of the critical acrobatics indulged in under the licence of "centenary." True, there was no more than enough material; but for that reason one welcomes the pamphlet.

* * *

AGAIN, perhaps Baconians are not very numerous, but still there are doubtless enough to consider closely a tract by Mr. J. Denham Parsons (45, Sutton Park Road, Chiswick) entitled "Sir Sidney Lee and Absolute Proof." Mr. Parsons, having had difficulty in presenting his case by the ordinary means, is an old stager among pamphleteers. Perhaps his present booklet will carry his cryptographic interpretation of Ben Jonson's prefatory poem in the First Folio a little further than to the faithful. It is the work of an exceptionally alert mind, and the adduced coincidences are striking.

* * *

RATHER more than a pamphlet (indeed, bound in boards) is Mr. Stanley Casson's essay on "Rupert Brooke and Skyros," reprinted from the "London Mercury" (Elkin Mathews). Mr. Casson describes with deep color and feeling the "lonely valley in a lonely bay" to which last April he conveyed the monument now placed over the grave. Among the woodcuts are two views of the grave beneath the shadow of its olive-trees.

* * *

THE science of bibliography has not been neglected lately, and contemporaries have been fortunate. We could imagine a great series of bibliographies of the past, even now: but it is unfair to expect a bibliographic enthusiast to be a sort of ubiquitous explorer. Posterity will, or should, be grateful to us for pointing out the writings of our own real men of letters. There will still be gleanings; for the index bibliography of the Laureate, just issued by Messrs. Chaundy, omits his unreprinted writings in periodicals.

* * *

DR. BRIDGES has enjoyed, as poet, the advantages of the finest printing—not only the Daniel black letter, but also the Oxford Press types used in the popular edition of his poems. In this bibliography we miss, unless it is imagination, a volume of literary amusements belonging to the 'nineties. But we have no wish to originate a ghost. We certainly miss the early account of Gerard Manley Hopkins, included in Miles's "Poets of the Nineteenth Century."

* * *

MR. MASEFIELD's work has been likewise summarized, by Mr. I. A. Williams, in the second pamphlet of Messrs. Chaundy's series. He must be a lynx-eyed, and moneyed, man who really collects Masefield. The first public edition is in all probability the bibliographical second or third, and latterly the issue of signed and numbered copies, and of others for presentation purposes, has entirely altered the importance of an ordinary copy. There is one item which would make a welcome addition to this long bibliography, and that is a continuation of "The Old Front Line."

We are becoming accustomed to the prices of recent rarities, but could scarcely have supposed that the actual first issues of Masefield's "Good Friday" and three other works printed at the Letchworth Garden City Press in 1916 would now command £21 together. They occur at this price in Mr. Gorfin's new catalogue. But still, as an immaculate "Pickwick" has just changed hands at £910, perhaps there is no surprise in this. If high prices meant appreciative audiences!

APPRECIATIVE audiences still exist for writers like Dickens. "The English Catalogue of Books" for 1920 informs us that over twenty miscellaneous additions were made to his bibliography during the year. "Elia" and "Tales from Shakespeare" were reissued—again. More selections were produced of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, of Milton, and of Whitman. All things agree to set a value on the original editions of such writers: but one wonders whether modern bibliophiles in general are not separating themselves from the critical faculty in their hue and cry for untried works scarcely dry from the press.

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: THE CENSUS.

A PAMPHLET issued from the Stationery Office was put into our hands a few days before the visit of the local enumerator, in which the census was defended with considerable ability. We have noticed little tendency in our village to greet the enumerator with rounds of abuse or to riddle the scheme with the shafts of wisdom so unanswerable in our taverns. The whole matter, indeed, seems to have fallen on stony ground, and the proposed cutting of a slender cantle of six shillings from the agricultural laborer's bloated weekly wage of forty-six is the business on every tongue.

Perhaps, if there were no such counter-attraction, the census forms might have exercised us more noticeably, and the authorized apologia have been a needed one. At least, the census of 1821 was not (if the phrase passes) "taken lying down." True, there was agricultural distress, but it seems then to have occupied a position in the creation akin to rain or prize-fighting. At any rate, it was asked whether the proceeding of numbering the inhabitants did not amount to impiety. Would not Parliament by this act draw down upon the nation the same punishment which David formerly drew down on the Israelites? Another suspicion was that the Government's sole object was to discover what addition might be made to the Militia. Equally grave was the fear that this might be merely the preliminary step towards a fresh scheme of taxation. And, it need scarcely be added, the monstrous dragging into light of personal secrets was the cause of no mean murmuring.

The "New Monthly" celebrated the occasion with some mild, bad jokes purporting to come from the "questioning-officer" at Bungay, in Suffolk. That peaceable place, it seems, was in an uproar; and the nonce-official had estranged, in the execution of his duty, his oldest friends. The unfortunate gentleman, asking elderly ladies for their age, was apt to be met with "That is of no consequence; they can't want me for the Militia." Others explained that they had done all they could for Church and State; "had helped to work a standard for the Bungay Light Horse"; never employed a Radical tradesmen, &c. Why should their services be thus rewarded? A Mr. Theophilus Weazel, bachelor, was typical of the obstinacy of the other sex. At the collector's first visit, he was engaged, or rather, he had engaged an artist to cut "and mollify" his corns; at the second, he almost died of apoplexy in his anger at "paying half his income in taxes" and then being registered for further exaction.

The lot of the enumerator, at any rate, has been improved. He now serves his form and takes his leave; then, he was in danger of being kept "standing with his hat in one hand, and his list-book in the other; an ink-bottle, having a pen stuck in it, suspended from his button-hole ready for action; the points of his toes forming the centre of a St. Andrew's cross with the opposite angles of the room."

Science.

THE PLACE OF SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR SMITHELLS' lectures* were delivered before the war, but it is likely that they will receive more attention now than they did then. For the practical man—this harsh-voiced, small-eyed, suspicious, energetic little figure that haunts Professor Smithells' imagination—has received a shock. The war distracted him, bewildered him; finally, it made him cast doubting eyes upon the sacred formula of his tribe: "An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory." Professor Smithells had already given the revised version of these sacred words; it should read, he told them, "An ounce of good practice is worth a ton of bad theory," but this revised version, as is commonly the case with revised versions, seemed somehow less comforting to the simple and ignorant believer. For it implied that there was good as well as bad theory, and, a still more distressing thought, that there was bad as well as good practice. Even before the war there were doubters. "Money talks," to quote another part of the scriptures, and the fact that, by developing an English discovery, Germany had put more than 2,000 distinct coal-tar colors on the market, and that one, artificial indigo, which British manufacturers had confidently declared could never come to anything, was being exported from Germany to the value of £2,000,000 a year, caused a feeling of uneasiness in the less obdurate bosoms. But the war brought matters to a head. It was found that new things could be done only by men who knew why the old things were done, that is, by theorists, and the professors came into their own. They were hampered, of course; they were sometimes snubbed and they were sometimes ignored, but their existence was officially recognized.

There were two reasons for this result. On the one hand the practical man and the Government official were faced by problems they knew they could not solve and which, nevertheless, demanded immediate solution. It was known that German professors presented the problems; it was supposed, therefore, that British professors might solve them. The second reason was that the professors, imbued with patriotic ardor, were not content to remain aloof from the world of practical affairs, and took pains to thrust themselves on the notice of the Government official. If we are to judge by Professor Smithells' lectures, this was an unusual thing for the professors to do. He makes it a complaint against them that they have been only too willing to occupy the position the practical man assigned them, that they have been fastidiously averse to making contact with the industrial world; that, at best, they have followed where they should have led. The reason for this attitude is to be found, Professor Smithells thinks, in an inadequate ideal of education. The scientific man cherishes, and rightly cherishes, the "spiritual" aspect of his study. Science is, to him, an object of the highest aesthetic interest, and one which engages and satisfies all the appetites of the mind. It absorbs both his reasoning and imaginative faculties, and it also, Professor Smithells says, provides a moral discipline. Its study, therefore, constitutes a liberal education, and he finds that purely technological studies are, in comparison, one-sided and dull. It is part of Professor Smithells' plea that this attitude is unjust. He endorses and emphasizes the claims of pure science, but he thinks that technological studies are too hastily and scornfully dismissed as mere "bread and butter" studies. We think there is some justification for this plea, but we also think that Professor Smithells runs a grave risk of misinterpretation. "Research work," as conceived by the majority of British manufacturers, most certainly does not provide a liberal education. They want immediate results, and immediate results can only be small results. Great advances, even in technology, are usually the result of a scientific investigation that had no purely practical end in view. It is only incidentally that science benefits manufacturers;

* "From a Modern University." (Oxford Univ. Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

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true science can never play the rôle of the keen, efficient servant; it must always be the absent-minded benefactor.

The attitude of literary men towards science is another thing that arouses Professor Smithells' indignation. But this, we think, is emphatically a pre-war attitude. It is only the more stupid and conservative of the people educated in Latin and Greek who think that their studies are somehow "above" science. The younger generation of those brought up in the older culture are at least friendly towards science. They may not be willing to admit, in all cases, that science is fully on a level with their own pursuits, for here delicate matters, involving human vanity, are concerned, but they have certainly made large concessions. The existence of popular and well-written series of scientific expositions, such as that of the Home University Library, has had much to do, we think, with this change of attitude. Science, like the subjects of official biographies, "only requires to be known to be loved," and, even when it is still somewhat misty and elusive, as with Einstein's theory, its general outline seems able to awaken the enthusiasm of poets. It may be taken as pretty generally admitted, we believe, that science may be beautiful, that it may offer as refined an object to contemplation as does the list of battles in Homer. The opposition which still exists, being without any real religious or social basis, may be taken as a matter of vested interests, and here, with the object lesson of poison gas before the eyes of our politicians, science has nothing to fear.

Seeing that science has now acquired this prestige, we think that Professor Smithells' third complaint, the neglect of science by journalists, is fully justified. He gives some instances of the idiotic statements, provided they deal with science, that are unhesitatingly admitted to our most reputable organs of culture. The matter is not short of scandalous, we admit. Every scientific man can recall dozens of newspaper reports and comments on scientific matters which are not only inaccurate, but entirely meaningless, which are literally not worth the paper they are printed on. But the fault is not, primarily, with the newspapers. An editor only continues to commit such blunders if he can do so with impunity. He could not publish statements that Molière was Emperor of Germany, and that Shakespeare translated the Bible, although he can be as astonishing when the subject is Science. It is an indication of the state of general education in the country. That also, as a matter of mere necessity, will be changed. The whole world is assuming a different orientation; the present age is, we believe, much more than the later Victorian age, the age of science, and we think it highly probable that a comparatively short time will rob Professor Smithells' complaints, valuable as they are now, of all their validity.

S.

Music.

SONG TRANSLATIONS.

It is one of the characteristics of average Germans that they have a keen thirst for knowledge, but hardly any sense of style. In England the thirst for knowledge is negligible, but there are just a few people in whom the sense of style is so acutely developed that they will allow no one else to neglect it. In Germany the entire literature of the world is translated into German, but as long as the translation makes sense, readers will put up with anything in the way of diction. With us the interest in foreign literature is almost entirely confined to the people who can read it in the original languages, and often assume the pose of preferring to be ignorant of an author's works rather than read him in the indignity of a translation. In the world of music this attitude leads to curious results. Singers who aspire to anything better than a ballad-concert reputation are expected to be at

home in three or four languages. Before the war, at any rate, no singers who belonged to the cultivated classes would dream of singing Schubert, Schumann, or Brahms in English. That the majority of the audience, even in a London concert-room, at Oxford or at Cambridge, were quite unable to understand German did not matter. Such people were, at any rate, quite capable of pretending to an appreciation of German poetry, and they were certainly quite honest in their scorn for the literary standards which the usual translations represented. When it became fashionable to sing songs by Norwegian or Russian composers, singers were a little uncomfortable, because Norwegian and Russian are not languages which any singing teacher can teach a pupil to pronounce. For it must not be supposed that the singers who sang German songs in German were always good German scholars. Many of them learned the pronunciation of the language, as they learned that of French or Italian, without any conception of what the words meant. And so Grieg and Tchaikovsky had to be sung in German or French. It did not matter what the language was, what it meant, or how it was pronounced, as long as it was not English. English was the language of the audience, and if a singer sang in English the audience could tell how stupid the words were, and how miserably enunciated. There was, too, a sound reason at the back of all this apparent snobbery. A bad translation (and most English translations were abominable) is technically awkward to sing, and its stupidity gives a singer a certain sense of shame and embarrassment which actually affects the quality of his vocal tone.

The political situation of the moment has brought the question of song translations into new prominence. Singers who, before the war, regarded German songs as the backbone of their repertory, are anxious to return to them again, but feel sometimes a little shy of singing them in the original language. There has also developed in these recent years a greater interest in English singing, and many singers, quite apart from any political motive, feel that it is a matter of real importance that English audiences should be addressed in their mother-tongue. In the current (July) number of "Music and Letters," Mr. Fox-Strangways prints a carefully considered essay on the principles of translation, and illustrates it with a collection of translations from Schubert by various writers. To give a summary of the essay is impossible; it must be read and pondered in detail. Mr. Fox-Strangways is peculiarly well equipped for the discussion of the subject, because he writes not only as a learned German scholar and a sensitive musician, but also as a man who sees music in the light of sound English common-sense. He points out bluntly that certain poems can never be translated into English, because they deal with ideas and conceptions of life for which we have no equivalents. Yet it is amusing to see how his fastidious taste carries him on step by step until one almost fears that he will arrive at the old conclusion, namely, that nothing can be translated, and that we must sing all songs in the original or not at all. He starts by condemning all poems which introduce that favorite German romantic figure *der Jäger* :—

"We have no word for *der Jäger*; 'hunter' calls up foreign travel, and the green coat, which the plot of 'Die schöne Müllerin' gives him by implication, spirits us off to Sherwood and a set of chivalrous or, at any rate, quite other ideas; 'ranger' suggests a liveried denizen of Windsor forest, or a competitor in a cup-tie; 'hunter' is specialized and matter-of-fact; 'sportsman' is what he is not, even if the word were otherwise possible; 'poacher' is probably what he is, but for his lack of humor and certain other concomitants which we sadly miss."

He has no use for *Aufenthalt* because we have no mountains or forests that make a like impression upon us; he rebels at the "prostration and abandonment" of some of the love songs. The poems on classical subjects he finds too suggestive of Baedeker. Yet it is good to have these criticisms made, even if we do not take them too seriously, for they are useful danger-signals to a translator. For the sake of the composer and the singer Mr. Fox-Strangways is quite prepared to accept judicious rewriting of even Goethe and Schiller. Certainly his

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CITY OF SHEFFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

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T. ARTHUR EAVES,
Secretary and Executive Officer.

Education Offices, Charles Street, Newport, Mon.
13th June, 1921.

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remarks on *der Jäger* ought to be read by all translators as a study in principles; but the hack translators provided by American agents for German publishers are not likely either to understand them or to act upon their counsels.

The chief difficulty about translating German songs is that many of the loveliest melodies are set to commonplace words in commonplace metres. The efficient translator—Mr. Paul England is the best example—being obliged, one supposes, to translate all and sundry, is obliged also to adopt a negative attitude. Mr. England's translations are very seldom masterly, but he maintains consistently a certain level. It is not a very high level, but never for a moment does he let the singer down. That is the secret of his very real success. Another translator may produce a masterpiece ruined by one appalling word; this is a mistake which Mr. England never makes. Casual experimenters in translation, like most of Mr. Fox-Strangways' contributors, may make admirable versions of single songs which happen to suit their peculiar abilities; Mr. England has taken the good and the bad and the indifferent and done his best with all of them. He deserves our gratitude.

Yet the "singable" translation has an unexpected fault: it is too easy to sing. English words are so much lighter than German that translations, even good ones, almost inevitably sound vapid and toneless. There are cases in which the translator has actually to make his verse deliberately harsh, in order to give solidity and firmness to the phrase. The best examples in Mr. Fox-Strangways' budget are those by Mr. Steuart Wilson and those signed F. S. and F. S. W. These translators are not afraid of heaping up consonants; they choose words with rough edges, words which the singer must pronounce decisively and slowly, as in these lines from Goethe's "*Grenzen der Menschheit*":—

"When the Ancient of Days, the Eternal,
With a waft of his hand from heaven's rolling cloudways
Earthward his lightning shafts pregnant with blessing
throws,
Asking forgiveness, I fall before him,
Kneeling to kiss the hem of his robe."

Fine work such as this must be a labor of love. Translation is ill paid, and it is not likely to be better paid. People who have the knowledge and abilities required for good translation can use them, if they have to earn a living thereby, more lucratively in other fields. But there are a good many amateurs who find it agreeable to make a translation now and then of some poem which appeals to them, and Mr. Fox-Strangways, in collecting a corpus of translations by various hands and placing them at the free disposal of singers, is doing a generous service to musical education.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Agnew's Galleries: Equestrian Portraits in Bronze, and other works by Herbert Haseltine.

R. B. A. Gallery: The Women's International Art Club.

THE study of æsthetics has perennial power to intrigue us, because, being an aspect of the pursuit of truth, it leads continually into baffling blind alleys whence we are forced to retrace our steps in confusion and despair. Shall we ever arrive, for instance, at a solution of the exact relative importance of æsthetic and material content in a work of art? Again and again we believe that we have evolved some satisfactory formula, some subtle compromise which will serve as a touchstone; but each time some phenomenon appears which destroys our theories by the mere fact of its existence.

Mr. Haseltine's bronzes constitute such a phenomenon. They break every rule of contemporary æsthetics, and nowhere approach the high standards of modern revolutionary endeavor. They are photographic and anecdotic, and there is no evidence in them of any search for abstract

rhythm or abstract grandeur of form. And yet . . . and yet . . . it is impossible to write off the best of them—"Polo" (No. 8), "Un Puyazo" (No. 10), and "Caballos de Plaza" (No. 11)—as worthless, insignificant, or badly done. For these things are seen and reproduced from a point of view which, though not æsthetic, is so intense and complete that it captures and holds us. These polo players racing forward, their ponies in full gallop, their sticks swinging in the air, excite and delight us in the way the real players excite and delight us at Hurlingham; this picador, mounted on his lean and miserable horse, delivering his futile thrust, designed, not to impede, but to incite the bull, evokes the same sensation as the real episode that happens daily in the bull rings of Spain; these sad, pathetic horses, with bandaged eyes and bleeding flanks, waiting in abject resignation for their second bull, wring from us the same impulse of compassion as the real horses who rise in agony from the ground beneath the flogging canes of the attendants and move forward piteously as the heavy picadors swing a second time into the saddle and drive them, with relentless spurs, once more towards the lacerating horns. Mr. Haseltine's bronzes are certainly not great art; but who can deny that work which can interest and move us so intensely is something very much worth while?

There is, at any rate, nothing nearly so much worth while at the Women's International Art Club. Our lady artists paint quite agreeable pictures, it is true, and this year their exhibition is commendably free from vulgarity and pretension. But they fail, invariably, to realize to any extent warranting expression. They can realize, it seems, neither from the æsthetic angle—that is, subjectively—nor from the material angle (as Mr. Haseltine realizes)—that is, objectively. They give us, everywhere, approximations expressed in borrowed formulae.

Miss Beatrice Bland appears to us, on the whole, the most satisfactory. She is a proficient portrait-painter of flowers, and her exhibits contain much dexterous handling. In her landscapes, however, she imitates the general impression of a certain type of classical English painting and fails to convince. For there is a world of difference between her "*Peperharrow House*" and a landscape of the same type by, say, Mr. Wilson Steer. Miss Bland's picture is gay and attractive at first glance, but it will not bear examination. The eye wanders from the foreground to the trees on the first plane, from the trees on the second plane to the house, from the house to the distance, and from the distance to the sky, but it never finds its focus in anything complete or impeccable. The same is true of Miss Bland's "*View in Northumberland*," in which the sky is an ambitious and relatively successful piece of *bravura*. Miss Rowe is another landscape painter who aims high. There is much pleasant color and some fluent manipulation of paint in her "*Old Bridge, Polperro*." But the picture is weak in structure, both in detail and as a whole. For the rest, Miss Elsie Henderson's drawing of a cat is sufficiently feline, Mrs. Fisher Prout evinces the same subtle sense of color in her flower piece that we have remarked before, Mrs. Sutton becomes more and more ingenious in the printing of her colored etchings, and invests her sitters with something of a Parisian "chic," Mrs. Creamer retains her frail and fragrant outlook in spite of her flirtation with Post-Impressionism, and Miss Ethel Walker is as diffuse and indeterminate as ever.

R. H. W.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- June.
Tues. 28. Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Ancient and Modern Inhabitants of Malta," Mr. L. H. Dudley Buxton.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 9.—"Fuel Problems of the Future," Sir G. T. Beilby. (James Forrest Lecture.)
Wed. 29. Institution of Civil Engineers, 10 a.m.—Engineering Conference (First Day).
School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), noon.
—"Abyssinia," Miss A. Werner.

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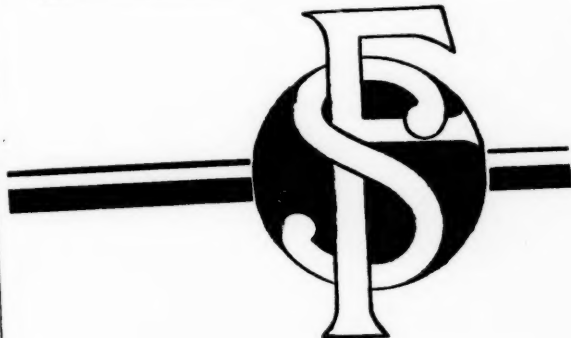
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Thurs. 30. Institution of Civil Engineers, 10 a.m.—Conference (Second Day).
 Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.—“The Absorption of Light by Elements in a State of Vapor: The Halogens,” Sir J. J. Dobbie and Dr. J. J. Fox; and five other Papers.
 University College, 5.—“Customary Slavery,” Lecture III., Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.
 British Drama League (King's College, 5.30).—Conference on “Shakespeare for Schools.”

July.
 Fri. 1. Institution of Civil Engineers, 10 a.m.—Conference (Third Day).
 University College, 5.30 p.m.—“Oceanography, with Special Reference to the British Seas,” Lecture III., Prof. H. N. Dickson.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

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Washington Library of Congress. Report of the Librarian and Superintendent, 1920. 232 pp.—List of American Doctoral Dissertations, printed in 1917. Ed. by Katharine Jacobs. 204 pp.—List of Geographical Atlases in the Library. Compiled under the direction of Philip Lee Phillips. Vol. IV. Titles 4,088—5,324. 789 pp. 10½x7½. Washington, Govt. Printing Office.

PHILOSOPHY.

Patrick (C. Vincent) and Smith (W. Whately). The Case against Spirit Photographs. 9½x6. 47 pp. Routledge, 2/- n.
Zulen (Pedro S.). La Filosofía de lo Inexpresable: Bosquejo de una Interpretación y una Crítica de la Filosofía de Bergson. 8½x5. 62 pp. Lima, Sanmartí y Cia.

RELIGION.

Godfrey (W. S.). Still Found Wanting; or, the Critic Criticized. 9x6. 38 pp. Watts, 1/- n.
Howden (J. Russell). The Old Paths in the Light of Modern Thought. 7½x5. 107 pp. R. T. S., 2/6 n. paper, 3/6 n. cl.
Jarrett (Bede), O.P. The English Dominicans. 9½x5. 247 pp. Burns & Oates, 18/- n.
Rebuilding a Lost Faith. By an American Agnostic. 8½x5½. 230 pp. Burns & Oates, 10/- n.
Schäfer (Wilhelm). Drei Briefe, mit einem Nachwort an die Quäker. 7½x5½. 96 pp. Munich, G. Müller, 6m.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

***Dawson (Coningsby).** It Might Have Happened to You. Introd. by Lord Weardale. 7½x5. 209 pp. Lane, 2/6 n.
Hammond (F. J.). The Starvelings: a Study in Clerical Poverty. With Introd. by Maurice Hewlett. 8½x5½. 61 pp. Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 3/6.
Harley (John Eugene). The League of Nations and the New International Law. 10½x7. 130 pp. New York, Oxford Univ. Press (Milford), 14/- n.
House (Edward Mandell) and Seymour (Charles), eds. What Really Happened at Paris: the Story of the Peace Conference, 1918-19. By American Delegates. 9x6. 545 pp., maps. Hodder & Stoughton, 25/- n.

EDUCATION.

New Era Library. Bookland. By W. H. King. 7½x5. 256 pp. Philip, 3/6 n.

PHILOLOGY.

Lindsay (W. M.), ed. The Corpus Glossary. With Anglo-Saxon Index by Helen McM. Buckhurst. 9x5½. 307 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 40/- n.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

Davison (Charles). A Manual of Seismology (Cambridge Geological Series). 8½x5½. 268 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 21/- n.
India. Memoirs of the Geological Survey. Vol. XL. Part 3. Petroleum in the Punjab and North-West Frontier Province. By E. H. Pascoe. 176 pp., maps.—Vol. XLIV. Part I. The Geology of Idar State. By C. S. Middlemiss. 174 pp., pl. 10½x7. Calcutta, Geological Survey, 27, Chowringhee Road, 5rup. each.

USEFUL ARTS.

Boyle (James E.). Agricultural Economics (College Texts, Agriculture). 8½x5½. 457 pp., 90 il. Lippincott, 12/6 n.
Harrow (Benjamin). Vitamines: Essential Food Factors. 8x5. 232 pp. Routledge, 10/6 n.

FINE ARTS.

Indian Drawings. Twelve Mogul Paintings of the School of Humāyūn (16th Century). Text by C. Stanley Clarke (Victoria and Albert Museum Portfolios). 15½x12½. The Museum, 5/5 post free.
Modern Woodcutters. 4. Edward Wadsworth. 10½x7½. Little Art Rooms, 8, Duke Street, W.C.2, 3/9 n.

MUSIC.

Porte (J. F.). Sir Edward Elgar. 9x5½. 222 pp., por. Kegan Paul, 7/6 n.

GAMES AND SPORTS.

Bell (Elizabeth Turner). Fifty Figure and Character Dances for Schools.—Music for Fifty Dances. Selected by E. T. Bell. 10x7½. 2 vols. 222, 110 pp., pl. and diag. Harrap, 30/- n.

Bluet (Walter). Twenty-one Bridge Fallacies. 7½x5. 92 pp. Jarrold, 2/6 n.
Kinsley (Andra). Fifty Years of Golf: My Memories. 9x5½. 24 pp., pl. Fisher Unwin, 12/6 n.

LITERATURE.

***Bédier (Joseph).** Roland à Roncevaux (Romanes Lecture). 9x5½. 23 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2/- n.
***Beresford (J. B.).** Signs and Wonders. 7½x5. 151 pp. Waltham St. Lawrence, Golden Cockerel Press, 5/- n.
Ernst (Paul). Erdachte Gespräche (Gesammelte Werke, 12). 7½x5½. 372 pp. Munich, G. Müller, 36m.
Gollancz (Sir Israel). The Middle Ages in the Lineage of English Poetry. 8½x5½. 22 pp. Harrap, 2/6 n.
***James (Henry).** Notes and Reviews: Twenty-five Papers hitherto unpublished in Book-Form. 9x6. 247 pp. Cambridge, Mass., Dunster House, 26, Holyoke Street, \$5.
***Mensken (H. L.).** Prejudices. First Series. 8x5½. 254 pp. Cape, 7/6 n.
***Shaw (Bernard).** Back to Methuselah: a Metabiological Pentateuch. 7½x5. 356 pp. Constable, 10/-.
Wendell (Barrett). The Traditions of European Literature from Homer to Dante. 9½x6. 679 pp. Murray, 28/- n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Adcock (A. St. John). Exit Homo. 8x5. 60 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 3/6 n.
Bolo Book. Ed. by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. 6½x4½. 64 pp. Labor Publishing Co., 3/6 n.
Bustamante y Ballivian (Enrique). Autoctonas: Odas Americanas. 8x5½. 166 pp. La Paz, Bolivia, Arnó Hermanos.
Eguren (José M.). Simbólicas. 7½x5. 56 pp. Lima, Tipografía, La Revista.
Golding (Louis). Shepherd Singing Ragtime; and other Poems. 7½x4½. 63 pp. Christophers, 3/6 n.
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